THE ONLY MOVIE WEEKLY

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

10¢

No. 673
Nov. 17
1925

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““MOVING PICTURE STORIES

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"I think Babs has a bad case of newspaper-itis," said Spencer Clark sarcastically.

Classified

Adapted from the Screen Play by BEULAH POYNTER

Babs Comet was particular about the cars she rode to business in each morning, for to her limousines represented the luxuries for which her starved soul craved.

IF Babs Comet was just a little vainer and just a little more selfish than the other young girls with whom she worked in the classified department of the great metropolitan daily, she was also more than a little prettier, and more ambitious.

Would she spend all her young life in a "joint" on West Sixty-sixth street? She would not! Every morning, as she dressed preparatory for starting to work on Forty-second street, she would wonder just what sort of a car would carry her there and what its owner would be like. Babs scorned street cars and flivvers. A flick of inky lashes, a glance of blue eyes discreetly lowered, a toss of bobbed gold-brown hair, and she was always sure of a ride in a shiny roadster or limousine. To be sure, the conversation was always the

This story is adapted from First National Pictures production of the story by Edna Ferber. Alfred A. Santell directed with Corinne Griffith appearing as Babs Comet, Jack Mulhall as Lloyd Whiting, Ward Crane as Spencer Clark, Carroll Nye as Mart Comet, Charles Murray as Old Man Comet, Edythe Chapman as "Maw" Comet, Jacqeline Wells as Jeanette Comet, George Sidney as Weinstein and Bernard Randall as Louis Goldheimer.

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same, about the weather, the make of the machine and inevitably at Forty-fifth street an invitation to dinner, and generally, as Babs herself put it, the automobile's owner would "get fresh."

This particular morning as she stood on the corner of Broadway, conscious that she looked more than usually attractive in a new tailored suit and jaunty little hat, her eyes eagerly scanned the curb for a prospective escort. But flivvers seemed to be in predominance. Babs bit her lips and glanced at a clock on the corner. Ten minutes to nine! Then she was conscious that a low-swung, sporty-looking machine had stopped near the crossing.

A young man leaned over the wheel. Under a thatch of brownish curls he looked at her quizzically, but, as her starry eyes met his with a half invitation in their gleam, his gaze shifted and he turned his head the other way. Babs flushed. She was not used to having young men look away when once they had seen her. She moved uneasily, coughed, then glanced at him again. There was a twinkle in his eyes. Her lips parted.

"Want to ride downtown?"

She nodded.

"All right, hop in." He made no attempt to assist her into the car, but motioned her to come around to the other side and get in beside him. As she settled back against the cushion that somehow did not seem so new and shiny as it had from the curb, she said, just as she always did every morning:

"Nice weather we're having." He grunted, and she continued: "Nice car. What make is it?"

Little laugh lines sprang into prominence about his mouth.

"A mongrel."

"Oh, a foreign make."

"Not on your life. It's one I made myself."

Babs's lips tightened. She said no more until they reached Forty-fifth street. Surely by this time he would ask her to dinner or who she was, but instead he slowed his engine.

"I go to Forty-second!" she exclaimed.

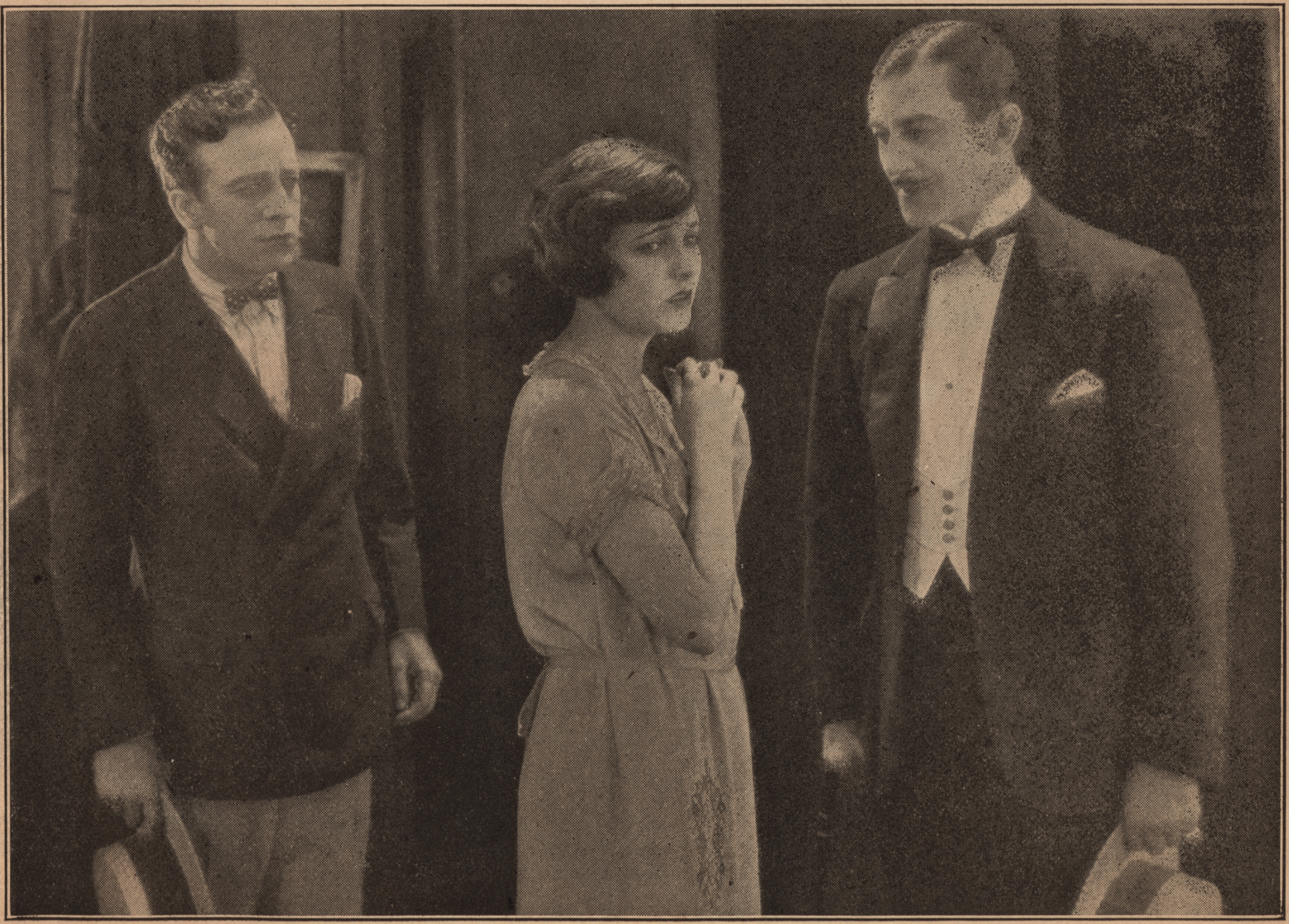
"All right, sister, but I don't. Here's where you walk a block. See you in church!"

Her cheeks were still stinging when she reached the office and took her place at the telephone. There were a number of calls to make. Lloyd Whiting wanted to sell his garage. She must phone him and try to induce him to insert an "ad" in the Daily. Spencer Clark's butler wanted a line in the lost column—his mistress had lost her dog again. She must let Weinstein of Weinstein & Goldenheimer know whether she would have dinner with him Saturday night and see the new Paris imports. They were good for several lines. Oh, yes, she had another engagement for dinner tonight.

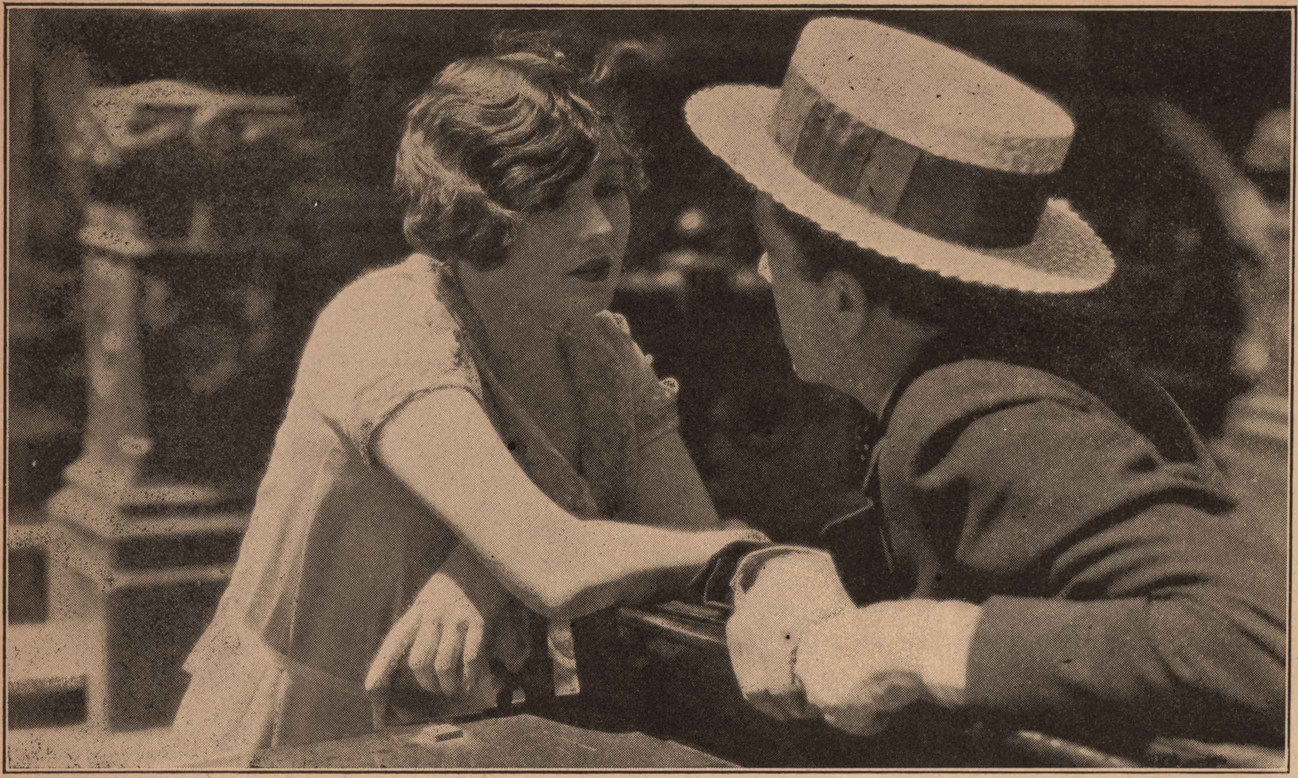
She called up Whiting and got a surly response, a request to be let alone, and as she hung up the receiver she jotted down a note on her pad to try him again.

The Comet family was used to seeing the daughter of the household sweep out of the living-room during the dinner hour with the air of a young duchess, her head in the air and her slim body clad in clinging folds of evening dress and cloak. Babs had no hesitation in showing her disapproval of her home and her intention to some day live on Fifth avenue, so tonight, though Maw Comet warned her that she was heading in the same direction as a neighbor's daughter, whom they always mentioned in whispers, there was no persuasion used to keep her at home.

Just how it all occurred Babs was uncertain. The man



"I appreciate all you are offering me, but——" Babs's clouded eyes stared off into space.



"But, Lloyd, I refused him. I'm not going to marry him!"

who took her to dinner was a lawyer, well dressed and suave, but when the check appeared and he said "Where do we go from here?" and she answered, "I don't know where you are going, but I'm going home," he rose with indignation and, laying the check on the table beside her, said icily, "In that case I'll make you a present of this."

She glanced at the bill and grew a little faint. Only a brave face would carry her out of the restaurant. Across the aisle was a group of well-dressed, handsome young men. One in particular had attracted her attention by his glances of obvious admiration all during the meal, and now, as she sat there hopelessly embarrassed, she felt his eyes resting on her. To add to the ghastliness of the situation, she discovered that one of her brocaded slippers, which she had wriggled off her foot because it pinched, was gone. With flaming cheeks she bent under the table and searched for it, only to straighten up and find the young man at her elbow with the missing article in his hand.

He laughed easily as she took it from him. "You seem to be in trouble," he said in a well-bred voice. "May I be of some assistance? Shall I take you home?"

Instantly it occurred to Babs that he was "class." She dared not let him drive her to the squalid address she called home, and with ready wit she smiled and, thanking him, told him she was visiting her aunt, Mrs. Spencer Clark, on Fifth avenue, and would be most grateful if he would escort her there.

He drove a luxurious car and Babs was grateful the lawyer had disappeared. At the address she had given him the young man stopped the car and leaped out. He helped her from the machine, lifted his hat and the girl darted up the stairs leading to the brown-stone entrance. Mercifully the door was unlocked and she stepped noiselessly into the dimly-lighted corridor. For a second she stood there until she felt assured her escort had vanished, then she opened the door and ran down the stairs, only to draw back with a cry, for the young man still sat in his car and instantly hailed her.

"I—I forgot to get a paper!" she stammered. A wandering newsy supplied the paper and once more Babs tripped up the stairs. Three times she attempted to leave the house, only to find the young man either sitting on the lower step or in his car, and she became panicky. Still determined not to let him know where she really lived, she opened the door leading into the reception room and boldly faced the Clark butler.

"I have an appointment with Mrs. Spencer Clark," she announced in her best grand duchess manner.

"Mrs. Clark is in Europe."

"Did I say Mrs. Clark? I meant Mr. Clark."

The butler's brows lifted. "Mr. Clark has been dead many years." At her incredulous expression he added: "But perhaps it's young Mr. Clark you wish to see."

"Oh, yes, of course."

"I'll call him, then. I think he just came in."

As the curtains parted and Spencer Clark, Junior, stepped into the room, Babs gave a wild cry, threw up her arms, scattering newspapers all over the floor, and promptly fainted, for Spencer Clark was the good-looking stranger who had been her escort. As she revived, she heard him say sarcastically to the butler who was sprinkling water generously over her face and gown:

"I think she has a bad case of newspaperitis."

She feigned unconsciousness for a moment longer, then opened her eyes and said in a bewildered voice: "Where am I?" Young Clark explained. "Oh, dear!" she gasped. "I am taken with these attacks often, and I never know when they are coming on."

"Don't you think I had better take you home before you have another?"

Babs choked. She allowed him to wrap her cloak about her and once more help her into his car. Part of her humiliation disappeared when on her own doorstep he expressed a desire to see her again, and she went to sleep with visions of a mansion on Fifth avenue presided over by herself and a retinue of servants.

The next morning, going over her notes, she found the slip she had written to remind herself that she must again telephone to Lloyd Whiting and if possible get him to insert an ad. His voice over the telephone was a little more pleasant than the day before, as she said sweetly:

"This is Miss Comet of the *Times*."

"Comet? Any relation to Mart Comet?"

"His sister."

"No! Old Mart and I went to school together! I'll think about that ad. Well, see you in church!"

See you in church! Where had she heard that expression before? Oh, yes, from the impertinent young driver of the rattletrap he called the "Mongrel." So he was a friend of Mart's! Well, he had been good-looking—but—— Babs's pretty retroussé nose tip-tilted. Why should she give a second thought to a person who obviously was little more than a mechanic, and an insolent one at that, when men like Weinstein were anxious to take her to dinner and to show her their stock of handsome robes just from France.

Yet, strangely, as she was admitted into the chambers of the importer that night, she found she was thinking of the owner of the Mongrel, and that not even chinchilla-trimmed evening cloaks and embroidered Paris frocks could drive him out of her mind.

Weinstein was a fat, oily little man, with an insinuating manner, but he appreciated beauty, and, when he asked as a special favor that Babs try on the gowns and cloaks to see the effect, the girl did not hesitate. The admiration of his partner and himself made her cheeks glow, and it was not until she realized that she was alone with Weinstein that she regretted having come.

"How would you like to always wear such lovely clothes?" he asked, running his stubby hand up her bare arm. She sprang to her feet in dismay and ran from the room just as he sought to take her in his arms.

She heard their exclamations as she jumped into a taxi, and she chuckled as she pictured their chagrin over the loss of the expensive garments. At her own doorstep she almost collided with her brother and a young man whom she instantly recognized as the owner of the Mongrel.

Mart Comet introduced his friend and the latter remarked that it was too bad Babs had a date, as they were going to the Charleston Café to dance. She watched the rattletrap car swing around the corner, then, gathering the luxurious folds of the borrowed coat about her, started to enter the apartment house, when she heard her name called.

"Fortunately I was passing," said Spencer Clark's well-modulated voice. "Won't you come for a ride?"

"Take me to the Charleston Café," Babs answered.

Later, Lloyd Whiting "high-hatted" her, as she expressed it, and because of it, she did not care to stay long in the restaurant. Unaware that the two merchants, wild over losing valuable property, had followed her and, when the cloak-room girl was not looking, had taken away the chinchilla-trimmed coat, Babs called for the garment. There was a small tempest in the teapot when it could not be found, and the proprietor promised to make good.

In spite of her aversion to poor men, Babs gave an incredible amount of time and thought to her brother's friend, even when she learned that after selling his garage he was working as a mechanic for forty dollars a week; in fact, Spencer Clark found himself very much in the background when Whiting was around. Of course, Mart teased her every time she went out with his friend, but she tossed her head and pretended she did not mind. The truth was that Babs was in love for the first time in her life and was not willing to admit it.

Then came the night when she waited and waited for Whiting to come for her and he did not appear. Mart's good-natured jibes irritated her more than she cared to admit, and, when looking out of the window she saw Spencer Clark in his roadster waving to her to join him, she exclaimed petulantly:

"When your friend comes tell him I have gone with Spencer Clark! No man can stand me up!"

The night air was brisk and chilly as she huddled in the front seat beside Clark. Babs drew about her chin the collar of the new coat he had sent her to replace the one taken from the cloak-room at the Charleston. For some little time they drove in silence, cutting across town and into the Post Road, on past Pelham and well into the country. A full moon had risen and before them the road wound like a silvery ribbon. Suddenly Clark gave an exclamation of annoyance. The car came to a standstill.

"What's wrong?" Babs emerged from the folds of fur.

"I don't know. I'll have to see." He sprang out of the car and opened the hood.

"Maybe you're out of gas," she ventured.

"Right you are. She's as dry as a bone. Sit tight while I run up to this inn and see what I can do about getting some."

To the shivering girl there seemed to be a note of triumph in his voice. She waited until his tall figure disappeared inside of the little road-house, where a sign announced that transients were accommodated, then she leaped to her feet, stripped off her fur coat and flung it about a scarecrow which stood guard at the gate, and, with only a light topcoat to protect her from the cold, started to run down the road. Instinct had warned her not to trust the scion of Fifth avenue.

It was daylight when she reached her home, after having ridden a good portion of the way on a milk wagon and having trudged through woods and slushy roads. She found her family waiting for her, anxious and suspicious.

"No decent girl stays out until seven o'clock in the morning!" sobbed her mother. "Do you want me to go around with my head hanging, ashamed to face my neighbors?"

In vain Babs protested that she had done nothing wrong, but even Mart turned away from her, and the girl, heartsick and disgusted with life, went to her room and flung herself on her bed sobbing. Scarcely had she left the room when Whiting, who had been hunting for her most of the night after having had an accident with the Mongrel, appeared before her.

Babs turned to him eagerly. "You believe in me, don't you?" she asked pitifully.

The boy looked at her strained white face, then down at her mud-bedraggled shoes.

"Your shoes look mighty good to me," he answered. "It's Clark that has to give an accounting."

To the little group waiting for the man who had wronged the girl, the time between Whiting's exit and his return with Spencer Clark seemed an age, but in reality it was less than half an hour. Babs's face turned scarlet as she met the coolly smiling eyes of the millionaire's son. Her lips opened, but she made no sound, not even a protest when her father began to speak. She was utterly crushed, humiliated.

Clark listened in silence until Pa Comet had finished all he had to say, then he turned to the girl.

"I tried every place to find you," he said. "Mr. Comet, your daughter is a wonderful girl, and I am here now to ask her to marry me."

Marry him! A millionaire! Live on Fifth avenue in a beautiful home! Wasn't that what she had always wanted and said she would do? Yet, as Babs heard the proposal she had dreamed of ever since she was a little girl, she

(*Continued on page* 17)

From Hollywood To You

HENRIETTE'S Weekly Letter From the Town Where the Movies Are Made.

Leatrice Joy has Cecil DeMille's word that as soon as "Made for Love" is finished she may skip to New York for a brief vacation. (With Edmund Burns in "Made for Love," a Producers Distributing Corporation release.)

DEAR MOVING PICTURE STORIES:

"THE 400 Club"—that's the imposing name of Hollywood's latest organization for the élite of filmdom—held a reception Sunday to celebrate the opening of its new clubhouse. The lists of hostesses read like a directory of "Who's Who in Hollywood," and everyone who is anyone was there.

The grounds of the club, formerly the famous Bernheimer Japanese Gardens, mecca of tourists, are a marvelous example of oriental landscaping and the twelve acres of flowers, little bridges, tiny tea houses and temples, rivaled the stars themselves in interest.

The clubhouse is built around a patio, where a placid pool, waterlilies and black swans share the spotlight, and here, hidden behind wisteria vines, the orchestra played and the screen's loveliest engaged in the nation's pastime, the Charleston. Kathleen Clifford started it, I think, and presently there were Ruth Roland and Priscilla Dean showing their agility and grace.

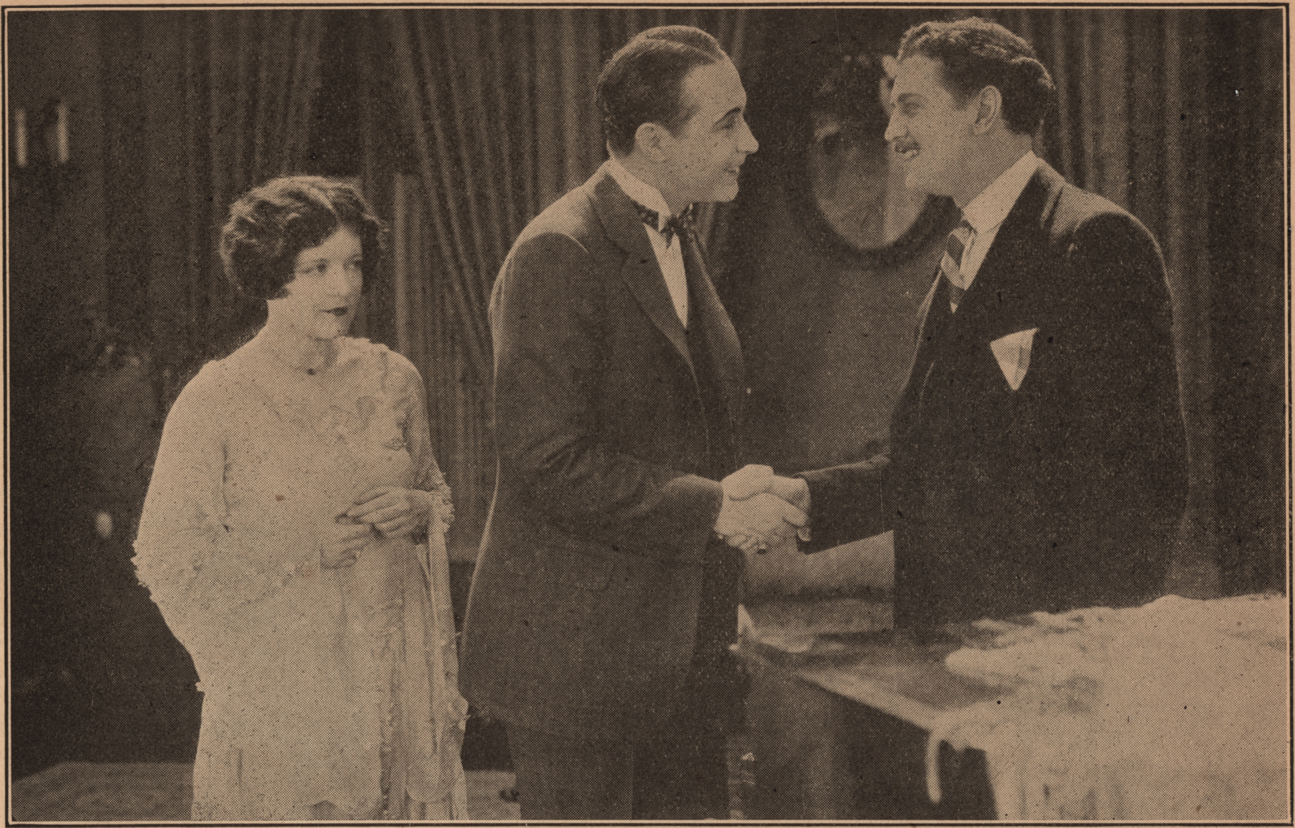
Of course, Bebe Daniels won't admit anything, but two Saturdays hand-running she has been lunching at the Montmartre with the fascinating Lew Cody.

The rooms that open from the patio are real treasure chests of Japanese and Chinese art—tapestries, hand-carved furniture, bronzelike porcelains and inlaid woods.

"It's like a sort of fairyland little Jap girls probably dream of," Bebe Daniels said, as she munched a dainty sandwich. "I think it's perfect for a club, but imagine living day and night in this glory! I'd have gone ga-ga!"

But she took that back when she stood outside in the sudden dusk waiting for her swain-for-the-afternoon's car. The clubhouse crowns a high, high hill and looks down upon the light-gemmed city by night. I could understand the way Bebe felt—it was worth feeling more than "ga-ga" to be able to watch that gorgeous spread of lights all the way to the sea!

H-m — I wonder! Of course neither of them will admit anything, but two Saturdays hand-running I've seen Bebe Daniels lunching at the Montmartre with the fascinating Lew Cody. There was such a crush at the



I went to the opening of the Syd Chaplin picture with John Roche and had all the usual sensations of hearing stage-whispered remarks about my escort. "Gee, Mom, 'member him in 'Kiss Me Again'? Hey, that's the villain." (*With Marie Prevost and Monte Blue in Warner Brothers' "Kiss Me Again."*)

reception that it was impossible to find out who came with whom—or, more important, who went home together.

Syd Chaplin's picture, "The Man on the Box," had an opening Saturday night at the Forum Theatre, the playhouse with the great dome that looks as though the sky were peeping in at you. Revolving lights in front of the theatre could be seen for miles, and the loud speaker that announced the celebrities as they arrived could be heard for several blocks. I went with John Roche and had all the usual sensations of those who accompany stars who are being stared at—nobody knows you are there, for they are so busy saying:

"Gee, Mom, that's him—'member him in 'Kiss Me again'? —Hey, that's the villain! Oh, you bad man!"

Huntly Gordon was master of ceremonies and presented the stars to the audience, each beauty or brave being picked out by spotlight—Marie Prevost, Kenneth Harlan, the Costello girls, June Marlowe, Alice Calhoun, John Harron, and oh, ever so many more.

The most interesting star to respond to the remarks of the master of ceremonies, however, was Rin-tin-tin. He was sitting in his orchestra chair, and, when his name was called, he stood up, looked around, nodded his head and sat down again.

"And not a word out of him!' approved John Roche's mother.

By the way, John Roche is to be seen with John Barrymore in "Don Juan."

What do you suppose Earl Foxe, alias Van Bibber, did on his vacation? He's just bought a beautiful new eleven-room bungalow which looks like an old Italian villa for all it's so new, and he spent his leave of absence furnishing it in a way to delight a bride's heart. We hear that Gladys Tennyson is soon to be the fair chatelaine holding the keys of the villa and—Earl's heart.

Now for a fish story. Rod La Rocque's on location in the Russian River District of California, and one of the little things he has to do for the picture, "Braveheart," is to spear salmon. After a little practice, Rod acquired the knack of the stunt and got so interested that he's been providing the entire DeMille location company with fish dinners ever since.

Lillian Rich's mother came all the way from England to see her daughter—they hadn't seen each other for five years —and, when Mrs. Rich arrived in Hollywood, she found that Lillian was away up north eating salmon with Rod. Nothing daunted, Mrs. Rich immediately entrained for Guernville in the Russian River District and the whole company stopped work to help Lillian celebrate the reunion with her mother.

It's out of style—you mustn't say: "Good-morning, have you used Pear's soap?" or anything suggestive like that any more. You must greet your fellow workers with a wide smile and tell 'em how pretty they are and all sorts of wonderful things about them. (And it mustn't be a "trade-last," either —little compliments you used to give at school for one in return about yourself!)

De Witt Jennings, the famous character actor, started it one foggy dawn when he and Anna Q. Nilsson and Edward Earle arrived at Catalina for shots in the Frank Lloyd picture, "The Splendid Road." They were all feeling like the "morning after the night before," and with the wet, sticky fog and the general hopelessness of the early dawn—well, De Witt Jennings suddenly had a bright idea. He turned to Anna Q. and told her how utterly lovely she was looking, and Anna got the spirit of it and assured him that she had a hunch that he was going to make the hit of his career; then Eddie Earle chimed in with a compliment that made them both feel good.

Such was the beginning of Hollywood's latest club—"The Buck-Ups." These three are the charter members and more are added every day. All the members have to do is to promise to meet people with a smile and say something to start the day right.

Even Louise Fazenda's milkman is one of the Warner Brothers player's ardent fans. The other morning, her milk bottle cap bore the message: "Fazenda. Autographed photograph? Your milkman." (Louise and Patsy Ruth Miller receive instruction in dancing the Charleston from Miss Le Mara of the Fanchon and Marco Revue.)

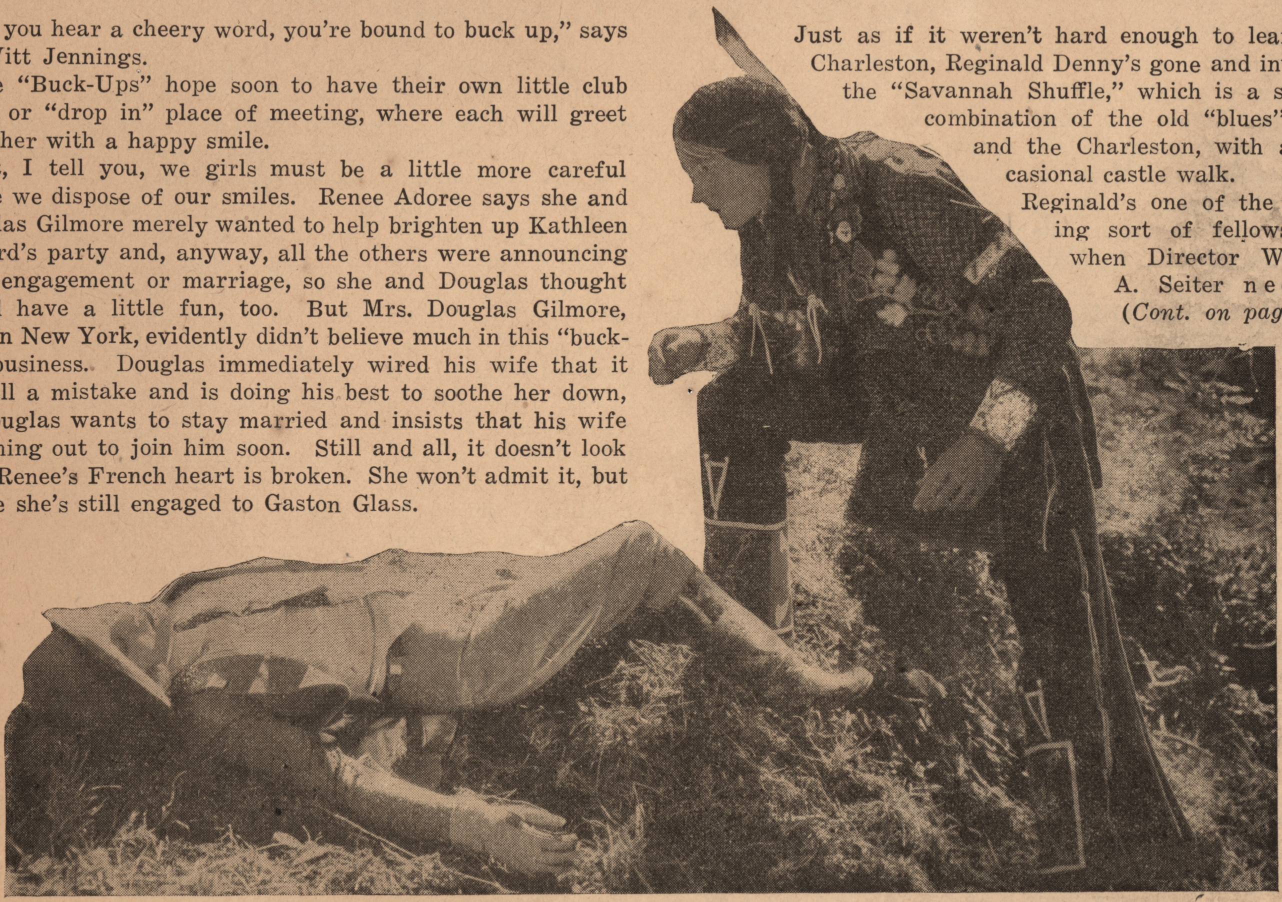
"If you hear a cheery word, you're bound to buck up," says De Witt Jennings.

The "Buck-Ups" hope soon to have their own little club house or "drop in" place of meeting, where each will greet the other with a happy smile.

But, I tell you, we girls must be a little more careful where we dispose of our smiles. Renee Adoree says she and Douglas Gilmore merely wanted to help brighten up Kathleen Clifford's party and, anyway, all the others were announcing their engagement or marriage, so she and Douglas thought they'd have a little fun, too. But Mrs. Douglas Gilmore, back in New York, evidently didn't believe much in this "buck-up" business. Douglas immediately wired his wife that it was all a mistake and is doing his best to soothe her down, as Douglas wants to stay married and insists that his wife is coming out to join him soon. Still and all, it doesn't look as if Renee's French heart is broken. She won't admit it, but maybe she's still engaged to Gaston Glass.

Just as if it weren't hard enough to learn the Charleston, Reginald Denny's gone and invented the "Savannah Shuffle," which is a sort of combination of the old "blues" glide and the Charleston, with an occasional castle walk.

Reginald's one of the obliging sort of fellows and when Director William A. Seiter needed (*Cont. on page* 32)



When Lillian Rich was on location in the Russian River District for "Braveheart," a Producers Distributing Corporation release, in which she plays opposite Rod La Rocque, she was surprised by a visit from her mother, the first meeting in five years.

She Came From A Parsonage

And MONTANYE PERRY knew her from almost the very first day.

The wee, pink bundle with the rosebud mouth, who was Doris Kenyon as Montanye Perry first saw her, now has a wonderful contract with First National, and theatres all over the country display her name in electric lights. (With Milton Sills in "The Unguarded Hour.")

SOME twenty-one years ago I had a young husband whose father was a job printer and a good Methodist. Yes, I still have him, but that has nothing to do with this story. We all lived in Syracuse, and my father-in-law printed the bulletins for the First Methodist Church there. One busy Saturday he asked me to take the proof up to the parsonage to be O. K.'d by the pastor, who was Dr. James B. Kenyon. Just as Doctor Kenyon finished the proof a little wail floated down from above.

"That's our new little daughter," Doctor Kenyon beamed. "Would you like to see her?"

So we went upstairs and saw the baby, who, to be quite honest, looked like all other babies to me—a wee, pink thing, with a rosebud mouth and unbelievably tiny hands and a funny, fuzzy fringe of hair. But it was quite evident to Doctor Kenyon she looked like no other baby in the world. She was a wonder-child, a marvelous gift from Heaven.

"Her name is Doris," he said, "Doris Kenyon. It's a pretty name, isn't it?"

I wonder what the good Doctor would have said if he could have known then that in twenty years' time one would see his baby's name—DORIS KENYON—in electric lights on the fronts of theatres all over the country. In those days Methodist ministers' families didn't appear in the theatre, on either side of the footlights.

The months ran by and the fuzzy-haired baby was a golden-ringletted little girl, leading the march of the infant class on Children's Day at Sunday School and singing in a clear, piping voice, "We are tiny little tots, we love our Sunday School." Always, it was as natural for Doris to sing as it is for the canary birds. At her work, at her play, in times of joy, in times of trouble, she sang. The old parsonage must still be filled with echoes of that young voice. How her father loved it, drifting in to him as he worked over the scholarly discourses for which he was noted! Perhaps it was the magic of her melodies that first set his pen to tripping in the paths of poetry. At any rate, verse with his signature began to appear in the better magazines, and presently he had several volumes of poems to his credit.

Doris was half-grown, half-formed, slender as a reed, when the family moved to Brooklyn. Promise of beauty in the young face now, eager eyes tinged with wistfulness, red lips with a touch of pathos haunting their smiles, a promise of grace that was yet touched with awkwardness, like the beautiful, crude freedom of a young colt! Lessons to learn, books to read, friends to make!

The friends, these new friends, danced. Times were changing swiftly. Doris, too, went to dancing-school. It was a delight to her, a new form of musical expression. There was one boy, so tall, so dark-eyed, so utterly grown-up and fascinating. Always he danced with the older girls. Never once did he seem to see Doris, until the day she wore her first real party dress. It had a sash with wide silken fringe; it was all of white, and it made her pink cheeks pinker and her young eyes more starry. *The boy* asked her to dance. She floated off in ecstasy, but torn between two desires: one, to look up into those dark eyes, the other, to look over her shoulder at the fringed sash, swirling out as she danced;

"That was *quite* the most perfect moment of my life," she said to me, several years later, sitting at tea in the Claridge.

Many eyes were upon us—or upon Doris, rather—as we sat there that day. She had had a season in "Princess Pat," two brilliantly successful years as *The Girl in the Limousine.* Broadway knew her and pointed her out to the visiting cousins. She was making pictures now—it seemed such a far cry from the old parsonage and the Sunday School entertainments. And yet, as we talked, I soon realized that Doris was Doris still, an eager young creature, full of faith and

enthusiasm and joy of life. Father Kenyon had retired from the ministry and was dividing his time between editorial work and his own writings. Mother Kenyon gave all her time to Doris—not one performance of "The Girl in the Limousine" had taken place without Mother's presence in the wings! *That* was why Doris was Doris—the home atmosphere still surrounded her, brooded over her, enfolded her.

A few more years passed. I heard with pleasure that Doris had a wonderful contract with First National. Then, crossing a lot in Hollywood one day, I saw her. She was doing a scene with Ronald Colman, his dark splendidness a wonderful foil for her blonde perfection. She saw me, waved her hand, came to me as quickly as possible, the same Doris—and there, but a few feet away, the same Mother Kenyon!

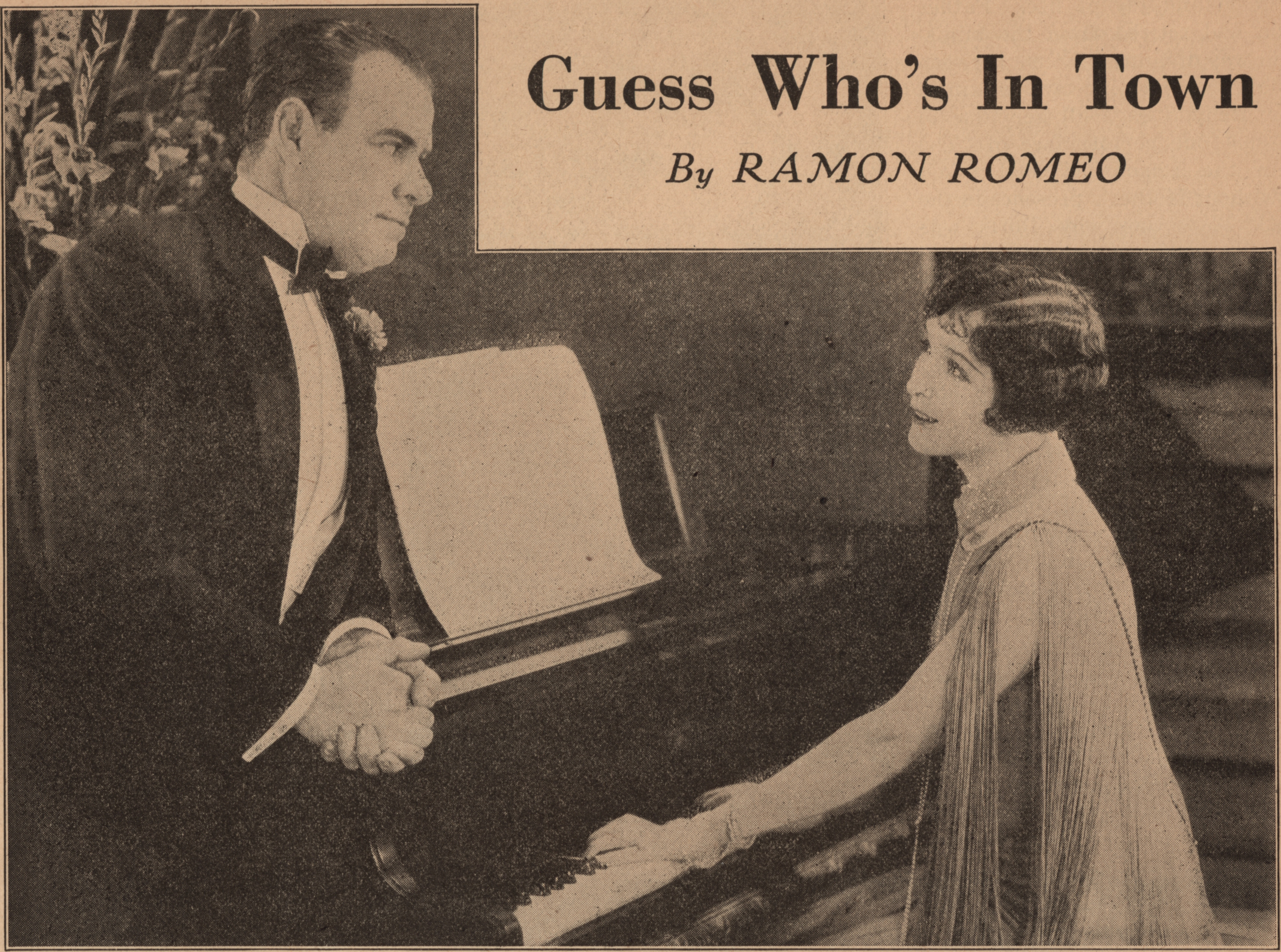
Dorothy Donnell, who was with me, fell a quick victim to Mr. Colman's charms, as all the ladies do. I made a feeble attempt at "interviewing" him, he being one of our newest stars then, but I couldn't get his attention away from Dorothy and she insisted upon answering every question I asked him, so I gave that up and just enjoyed Doris. We talked over all our old friends and she invited both Dorothy and me to dine with her at Cocoanut Grove, a night or two later. Mr. Colman promised to come, too, and didn't—which was a great blow to Dorothy.

Doris is Doris still, an eager, young creature, full of faith and enthusiasm and joy of life.

But it was a nice party. Stars to the right of us, stars to the left of us, stars in front of us—yes, and one must admit they volleyed and thundered, more or less. Stunning gowns, marvelous wraps, cloths of gold, silver tissue, drifts of chiffon, moonbeams caught in the heart of a pearl, roses spilled on a satin scarf, twinkle of jade, warm breath of coral, peacock feathers—and Doris, in a little black satin frock with never a jewel, looking quite as beautiful and twice as distinguished as any one else in the room, making no noise but attracting much attention, ordering our dinner in perfect French, from the headwaiter himself! He beamed paternally on her and, I think, promised to cook the frog's legs with his own hands. At any rate, they were per-

(*Continued on page* 33)

As one watches Doris smiling happily through the scenes at the studio, one hardly realizes how hard she works—music lessons, languages, swimming, riding, all the sports, and a great deal of writing. (From "The Unguarded Hour.")



Guess Who's In Town

By RAMON ROMEO

FORD STERLING—the funny, funny man—who used to play the Judge and the Police Sergeant—with the wobbling piece of a beard attached to his chin—in the merry old Mack Sennett comedies—of the Keystone days—seems to have definitely established himself—as the comedy relief—of most of the Paramount dramatics—He is here now—playing a big comedy part in "The American Venus"—which features Fay Lamphier, the Miss America of this year, and Esther Ralston—Many of the scenes—in this picture—were made at Atlantic City—during the National Beauty Tournament—That Ford is as funny in the dramas—as he was in the comedies—is without doubt—Any one who saw "The Trouble for Wives," which Mal St. Claire directed—will admit that Ford stole the picture—wrapped it right around his little finger—and put it in his pocket—Dangerous business, stealing pictures, Ford—The stars won't have it—and to keep you in the company—and keep peace at the same time—they'll probably have to make a star of you as well—Your name may be Ford—but you're far from a flivver! Sterling is more like it!

SIDNEY OLCOTT—to whom we are indebted for many fine Paramount productions—arrived in the city yesterday—to negotiate a deal—with a big national releasing concern—for a new series of Sidney Olcott Productions—to be made in Hollywood—Olcott has just completed "The Best People" for Famous Players-Lasky—and this will probably be his last release under that banner—Remembering Olcott's "Little Old New York"—we are wishing—that he will again direct Marion Davies—for here is a combination that is hard to beat—They work as well together as Pola Negri and Lubitsch—Some time ago Olcott and Marion planned to produce "Alice of Old Vincennes" together—We hope that they will give it another thought—and make it a reality!

ERNEST LUBITSCH—Herr Lubitsch—we should say—the most honored—most celebrated—and cleverest director in the Warner Brothers fold—is here in the Big Town as their guest—Ernest hasn't had much leisure—during his two years in this country—to give New York a proper once-over—But watch him this time—He'll make a Butter and Egg Man look like a fish merchant—We understand now why his pictures have such a light touch—His eyes fairly dance with humor—No wonder Marie Prevost has learned to act so well—Any one could with Lubitsch kidding her along—With "The Marriage Circle" and "Kiss Me Again" still fresh in our memories—as two screen masterpieces—we are eagerly awaiting the release of his latest picture, "Lady Windermere's Fan"—in which he has turned our own lovely Irene Rich into a naughty lady—But—with Lubitsch guiding her—she will be lightly and deliciously naughty—We always wanted to be vamped by Irene, anyway—so thank you, Mr. Lubitsch!

ANNE DALE—whose pathetic little cripple in "The Fool" will forever remain a treasured memory—is back in town—from her native land of England—where she has been posing for a special portrait for the Duchess of Rutland—Anne, who deserves the best of success—has gone without work—since her performance in "The Fool"—Not being a great beauty or a mile-a-minute talker—the producers have commented upon her performance and let it go at that—"The poor child has no sex appeal"—is probably what most of them thought—But—beneath Anne's plain whimsical little face—there is a wealth of charm and sincerity—She was to have played *Wendy* in "Peter Pan"—but was notified too late—If some far-sighted producer doesn't give her a rôle worthy of her talents soon—we'll just have to go out and organize a company for her ourselves—and show some of them that white roses last longer and smell sweeter than leopard lilies!

GLORIA SWANSON—whose trips to Europe—are getting to be like a sort of daily dozen exercise—will—by the time this goes to press—be back in the land of liberty—where Ziegfeld glorifies the American girl—and Miami booms make millionaires out of paupers—When you are reading this—you will also probably be reading in the headlines—that Gloria's Marquis—hasn't a drop of royal blood after all—but is just plain Henri—the same as the man who makes the famous tin cans—A nice little joke—doncha know—a nice little joke!—Personally it doesn't make a bit of difference to us—because in this land of regular folks—Mister sounds just as good as Marquis—However, we are afraid—that some of the public—are going to be disappointed—and it may rob the Glorious Gloria of some of her loyal following—But wait!—We are going to give away a little secret!—When we went to have our famous Ritz Carlton interview with Charlie Chaplin—Gloria and her Marquis—or shall we say her Mister?—were there, too—as well as the Duchess of Sutherland—If you remember, we didn't take the trouble to announce ourselves—but—if we had—we'd have said—the Prince of Shakespeare—Anyway, we felt quite er—royal—Well, the secret is this:—The Marquis and the Duchess seemed quite friendly—as if they had known each other a number of years—and—they called each other by their first names! — Now, don't get me wrong—Gloria was around all the time—and she fully approved—Rather she beamed—shall I say with pride?— But— the question is this—If the Marquis wasn't a Marquis—then why did the Duchess chirp the name Henri so freely and so gaily? — Surely, we thought that royalty was quite exclusive — This tale about Henri's not being a Marquis—might be just another big bluff—with the front page headlines as the goal—But—whether the Marquis be a Marquis or not—he's a doggone regular fellow—and we like him—We know a lot of people who like him—and we are sure that he is Gloria's real Prince Charming — Gloria was married twice before—but they were only husbands — Henri is the Knight of her Dreams—dreams she must have built when she boasted the title of being only a little Chicago girl — Henri is a sort of masculine Lois Wilson — He is so peaceful looking — that it seems as though he might be eaten without fear of indigestion—We know that he must be a great comfort to Gloria after a strenuous day at the studio—If Gloria's marriage to the genial Henri—has had anything to do with her recent performances—then we say—by all means stay married to Henri — and you'll be another Sarah Bernhardt — for Gloria's performance in "The Coast of Folly" proves once and for all—that she is a great actress—an actress who is improving with each new picture—The Rivoli audience applauded her characterization of the aged and hardened mother—Gloria certainly deserves a gold medal for distorting her beauty so—to play that rôle—Gloria's new picture is "Stage Struck"—which—it is said—is another "Manhandled"—So prepare to roar with laughter.

Simon The Jester

Adapted from the Screen Play by

MOLLY O'DAY

Under the Big Top, in the heart of a circus rider, love found a home, and, Dinky, the midget, gratified his fondest wish when he brought happiness to his dear ones.

"Someone took the blanks out of the revolver," sobbed the midget, "and put in bullets instead!"

"AND now we shall drink a toast to the greatest adventure of all—death!"

With a cynical smile on his handsome but rather haggard young face, Simon de Gex rose from his place at the head of the table and faced his guests, a group of well-groomed, aristocratic-looking young men.

There was a gasp, then each man placed his glass at his place before him, refusing to drink the gruesome toast. Simon laughed, and in a bantering tone began to bequeath his various possessions to his friends. Placing one hand upon the shoulder of a man somewhat older than the others, he said:

"To my friend, the doctor, I leave what is nearest my heart, the bit of shrapnel, the souvenir of the War. To my secretary," turning toward a dark, glowing-faced boy, "Dale Kennersly, soon to be married to Maisie Allerton, my seat in Parliament, and may he be as miserable in it as I have been——"

There was an interruption as the butler entered the room and approached young Kennersly. Leaning over the boy, he whispered in tones plainly audible to all in the great dining-room:

"There's a gentleman outside, who seems to have shrunk, asking for you, sir."

Dale Kennersly hastily excused himself and followed the butler from the room, his manner showing great perturbation. As he left, one of the guests remarked:

"If he doesn't watch out, there's going to be a scandal about his attentions to that circus woman."

Simon waited a few seconds, then, also excusing himself, hastened into the library after his secretary, of whom he was genuinely fond. At first the boy seemed to be entirely alone, but puffs of cigar smoke emerging from behind a clump of potted palms informed the young man that someone else was present; then he heard a voice, high and shrill like a child's, say earnestly:

"Lola is in danger, Mr. Kennersly!" and a tiny, wizened old man stepped into view. Plainly a midget, he was no larger than a child of six, and the huge cigar in his mouth and the dress-suit he wore made him appear smaller.

"I'll come over at once, Dinky." Dale shook his head and followed the midget to the door. After it closed behind him, Simon made his presence known.

"My boy," he said, affectionately putting his arm about his friend's shoulder, "you can't afford to ruin a promising career because of this Lola Brandt. Everyone is talking about your infatuation now."

Dale flushed angrily. "Come with me to the circus," he said impatiently, "and see her, then you will understand."

Every year, Lola Brandt and her second-rate circus, inherited from her father, a once famous clown, played London. She was as familiar to the public as the Thames on the banks of which the tent was pitched. Simon knew that the woman was married, but separated from her husband, and he realized just what his young secretary was headed for if he continued to see her. So, hoping to have some influence on him, he consented to accompany him to the grounds later that evening.

There was a crowd gathered in the tent when they arrived and took their places in seats in the front row. Simon saw

This story is adapted from Producers Distributing Corporation screen presentation, the novel by William J. Locke. Frances Marion wrote the scenario, and George Melford directed, with Eugene O'Brien appearing as Simon de Gex, Lillian Rich as Lola Brandt, Edmund Burns as Dale Kennersly, Henry Walthall as Brandt and William Platt as Dinky.

a beautifully formed woman in spangled tights and a flaxen wig doing an equestrian act with a snow-white horse of almost human intelligence. The excitement shining in Dale's brown eyes instantly informed him that the woman was Lola herself and he was forced to admit that there was considerable charm in her smile and that her features were unquestionably lovely.

As he leaned forward, a tiny figure in a clown's make-up entered the ring on the back of a donkey. A placard announced Lola Brandt and Dinky in "Travesty versus Tragedy." Bored, Simon sank back in his seat and watched the performance. He saw the white horse grasp the midget with his teeth and fling him out of the ring amidst bursts of laughter from the audience; then he saw Dinky draw a revolver and fire at the animal, undoubtedly blanks, but the horse fell over on his side and lay motionless. The girl sprang toward him and cracked her whip twice. The animal did not move.

Her face became ghastly under the acetylene lights. The whip dropped from her hand and she fell on her knees beside her pet. A strangled cry came from the lips of the little clown. As the laughter continued, he shrilled:

"Stop! Stop! Don't you understand? Sultan is dead! I have really killed Sultan!"

His little figure drooping pitifully, he crossed to the side of the kneeling woman, tears rolling down his wrinkled cheeks.

"Lola," he sobbed, "some one took out my blanks and put in real bullets instead! Lola, when I find him, Sultan will be avenged! It was the man with the white face and staring eyes who killed him!"

Lola reached out and sympathetically took the little hand in hers. Her own tears were staining the waist of her garish costume. Then she rose and left the ring as an attendant covered the remains of the faithful animal.

"Come on," exclaimed Dale. "I must go to her!"

After meeting Lola Brandt and looking into her tear-drenched dark violet eyes, Simon de Gex was forced to admit that there was some excuse for his young friend's infatuation, yet he was determined to save him, if possible.

"She is fascinating," he said grudgingly. "But, boy, no woman is worth sacrificing a career for."

Hoping that daily contact with the girl to whom he was engaged would banish Dale's thoughts of the circus woman, Simon invited the boy and his fiancée, Maisie Allerton, to his country home. What really occurred annoyed him exceedingly, for Dale in a burst of self-righteousness informed his sweetheart of his love for the other woman, and Maisie, indignant and hurt, returned his ring.

Simon found her in tears, and, when she appealed to him to bring Dale back to her, he promised to call upon Lola and induce her to send the secretary about his business.

Simon was surprised at the taste in which the circus woman's apartment was furnished. There was nothing about either her or her rooms to indicate her profession when she joined him, her dark hair loosely waved about her smooth, oval face, a soft chiffon tea gown clinging in graceful folds to her well-rounded, yet slender figure.

He apologized for his intrusion, then abruptly broached the object of his visit. Naturally the woman was indignant. She questioned his right to intrude upon her private life and plainly told him so.

"You are married, Madame Brandt," Simon said wearily, "and I believe your regard for Dale is too deep to desire to plunge him into a scandal that would ruin both him and you."

"What would you have me do?" she asked slowly, blinking back tears that gathered on her long lashes.

"Send for your husband, from whom I hear you are separated."

Her eyes flashed. "You don't know what you are asking!" she exclaimed, her face becoming ashen. "My husband is an unspeakable beast. His jealousy is insane, extending even to my poor old Sultan! He tried to kill the horse once, and, only that I know Captain Brandt is now in Tangiers, I would be certain that he was the person who shot Sultan!"

Yet, though he won no promise from her not to see Dale any more, Simon called upon the circus rider again and again. Always he had mocked at death, jeered at love, and the fact that the bit of shrapnel lodged near his heart was slowly but sure-

In an outburst of conscience, Dale told Maisie of his love for the other woman.

ly traveling closer to that vital organ had meant little to him. Death was only life's greatest adventure. But now —oh, God, he wanted to live! But he did not realize what it was that caused this sudden desire for life when he consulted his doctor for a means to prolong it, begging for some assurance that he would not die as soon as he thought.

"You're in love, Simon," said the medical man dryly. "But, my boy, I can't give you any hope. The shrapnel will get you. There's only one faint chance for you, and that is for you to get away from London at once, away from all excitement."

The knowledge that he was in love with Lola Brandt was a shock to Simon. With every ounce of effort he possessed he strove to crush this new-born affection from his heart. Perhaps he would have succeeded had the papers not come out a few days later with an announcement that stirred him deeply. It was a sarcastic illusion to Dale's infatuation for a circus performer who was married.

Lola also read that article and now that the harm was done she hurried to Simon with an offer to do anything in her power to atone for any wrong she had done the boy, whom she admired and respected, but did not love.

She met him in the garden adjoining his home.

"What shall I do?" she cried tremulously as he took her cold hands in his. "I'll send for my husband if you say the word." She shivered.

Simon's blue eyes darkened with pain.

"I will go to Tangiers for him," he said with an effort, trying to stifle the desire to hold her in his arms and kiss the lovely up-turned face. "My doctor has ordered me out of London——"

"Out of London?" she gasped.

"Yes. There's a bit of shrapnel working its way to my heart and that's my one chance to prolong my life." He smiled grimly.

"You never told me!" Her sob was full of anguish, and, as her white arms reached out to him, Simon hungrily caught her to him. Thus it was that Dale found them. His young face was grim and hard as he gazed at his friend, but Simon was thankful in the depths of his soul that he saw no mortal wound reflected in the flashing brown eyes. As, on the arm of the faithful Dinky, Lola swept past them and out of the moon-soaked garden, Dale drawled:

"She is fascinating, old man, but no woman is worth a promising career."

The first day at sea Simon discovered he had a traveling companion. A very seasick little old man emerged from a pile of rugs and grinned wistfully at him.

"Lola said you were going after her husband," he mumbled at Simon's astonished exclamation, "and instructed me to look after you."

Simon was grim and silent most of the way. Though he did not know that Lola had sobbed bitterly on Dinky's shoulder that she had given her love to a man marked with death, he felt in his heart that she cared for him. And he was deliberately driving her into the arms of a man she loathed, a man who was cruel and bitterly jealous! Absence did not banish her image from his thoughts. Always before him was the vision of her tear-drenched eyes like wood violets after a spring rain, her soft, quivering red lips, and her lovely, pliable body. He groaned in spirit as he thought what her loss would mean to him.

Sun-baked, blistering under the hot African sun, Tangiers loomed in the distance. Here and there a towering palm with its verdant green offered a bit of solace to burning eyeballs. Grouped about upon the steep, narrow stone streets were Arabs, French officers, Nubians and Soudanese. Now and then a heavily veiled woman, her dark eyes further darkened with kohl, peeping enticingly between tiny bamboo rods which held the veils in place, passed the Europeans on their way to the hotel.

Moorish in structure, its arched doorway shaded with hangings of striped silk, its floors of gay tiling, the hotel offered inviting shelter. Simon, followed by Dinky, entered a high-ceilinged dining-room and approached an ebony-hued waiter. He addressed him in French and inquired for Captain Brandt.

The servant bowed, and, crossing to a table where several men of various nationalities were drinking small cups of coffee and smoking a "hookah," touched the shoulder of a small, grizzled-haired man, who rose and looked wonderingly in Simon's direction. Simon saw a cruel face. White brows glowered over blazing dark eyes set deep in pallid skin, but the man smiled.

Intent on studying the features of Lola's legal husband, Simon did not hear Dinky's smothered ejaculation. His interview with the captain was brief, but it ended disastrously, for at Brandt's sneer that Simon had come for him because he was the lover of the absent woman, Simon struck blindly, and the man fell to the ground. Only for a moment he lay there, and when he struggled to his feet there was the sinister gleam of a dagger in his hand.

There was a struggle on the stone stairs, with Simon's heart pounding violently and causing him agonizing pain. Every second, it seemed as though the dagger would find a vital spot, then suddenly Brandt released his hold with a strangled cry and whirled. Simon saw that the midget, seizing his opportunity, had fastened his sharp teeth in the captain's hand. With the moment's respite, Simon caught the tiny man in his arms and dashed out into the street. But the next second something seemed to snap in his bosom. He flung out his arms wildly and fell unconscious to the ground.

"He isn't wounded!" Dinky shrilled to the gendarmes who had gathered at the disturbance. "It's his heart! Get a doctor quick!"

There were days that Simon lingered very near the valley of death, then one afternoon he opened his eyes and gazed into the serious wrinkled face of his savior.

"That was a close call, young man," said a quiet English voice at his elbow. "That splinter would have reached your heart in a very short time. The operation was a serious one, but, thank God, successful!"

"Dinky," mused Simon some days later as he sat in the garden basking in the sunlight, "we can't let Lola go back to that brute. She must divorce him at once."

"Yes," said Dinky, smiling.

"Of course," continued Simon," she could never marry a boy like Kennersly."

"No," said Dinky, "she would never be in love with a man unless he was of the world, with a great sense of humor and a keen intelligence and enough years to his credit to make him understand women."

Simon's eyes sparkled. "You wrinkled old Cupid!" he exclaimed, catching the midget in his arms and swinging him over a fountain playing near by. "What are you trying to do?"

At that moment the door leading into the garden opened and a radiant vision stepped into the sunlight. With a cry of joy, Simon dropped the midget into the water and sprang toward her with outstretched arms.

"Dinky cabled you needed me," she said shyly, as he held her close to him. Flushed with happiness, neither saw the infuriated man who, from the balcony behind them, had witnessed the meeting.

"So this is why you want to divorce me," Brandt snarled, "that you can marry him!"

There was a struggle on the stone stairs, with Simon's heart pounding violently and causing him agonizing pain.

Dinky, chagrined, almost angry, struggled out of the water and went to his room. After changing into dry clothing, he strolled below. The sound of angry voices issuing from the drawing-room attracted his attention and he opened the door.

There he saw his beloved Lola, the man she adored and her husband in angry altercation. Little that they said penetrated to him, but he saw the sudden flash of a pistol as Brandt aimed it at Simon; he saw the latter knock it to the floor and spring upon the other, then Dinky stumbled into the room. His tiny foot hit the revolver; his little hands grasped it. There was a flash, and Brandt toppled forward, shot through the heart.

"Sultan is avenged!" sobbed the midget. "I've shot the man who killed him!"

"Dinky! Dinky!" moaned the girl. "Simon, you must save him! Oh, Dinky!"

As the doors leading into the corridor burst open, Simon lifted the little man in his arms and leaped through the window. Behind him came the police. For a moment he looked about wildly, then, seeing a heavily ladened donkey strolling leisurely along, he quickly flipped open the lid of one of the baskets and thrust the tiny man inside. Just for a second did he experience any exultation, for, before he was aware of the native's intention, an Arab had sprung forward and plunged a long knife through the straw of the basket.

Soul-sick, scarcely daring to look at what he might find there, Simon ran to the donkey and lifted the limp body of his tiny friend from the basket. Sobbing unabashed, he pushed his way back to the hotel and placed the inert, blood-stained form upon the bed.

Before he could explain to Lola what had happened, Dinky opened his glazing eyes.

"It's all right, Lola," he whispered huskily. "It's my last call. Simon, I've taken care of Lola for so long you mustn't mind if she misses me—a little at first——" He stiffened, then suddenly rose up on his pillow, extending his arm. "Tall one," he cried triumphantly, "I am a greater man than you are, for I've given happiness to the two I love!"

Then he dropped back dead!

"He—always wanted to be great!" sobbed Lola. "Poor little Dinky! He said that so often to the giant!'

Under a moon hanging low over a quaint old English garden, a dark-eyed boy took a slender sweet-faced girl in his arms and kissed her as he murmured:

"Maisie, this absence has only made me realize how impossible it would be to live without you!"

And under the same moon, but many miles away, another man, older, fairer, strained a violet-eyed woman to his bosom and swore eternal devotion and fidelity.

CLASSIFIED

(*Continued from page* 6)

seemed to lose her value of things. Did money always spell happiness? Did position and wealth compensate for lack of love? She looked steadily at Clark and shook her head.

"I appreciate all you are offering me, but"—her clouded eyes stared off into space—"I can't marry you."

After Clark had gone she turned to speak to Whiting. He was not in the room. She gave a little cry and ran to the window. Below she could see him sitting in the Mongrel, his head resting on the steering-wheel. It took but a moment to reach him.

As she touched his arm the boy raised his head and she saw that his eyes were dark with pain.

"Lloyd," she cried huskily, "I refused him! I'm not going to marry him!"

Regardless of the passersby, he gathered her in his arms and kissed her.

"But, honey," protested her mother, when she announced the fact that she was going to marry Whiting, "he earns only forty dollars a week. How can you live on that?"

Babs smiled happily.

"Of course," she mused, "we can't expect to live in a swell place like this at first, but——" and she continued to study the classified section of the *Times* looking for two-room apartments in the Bronx.

Mrs. Comet smiled also—but it was because she recalled the many times Babs had called her home a "joint."

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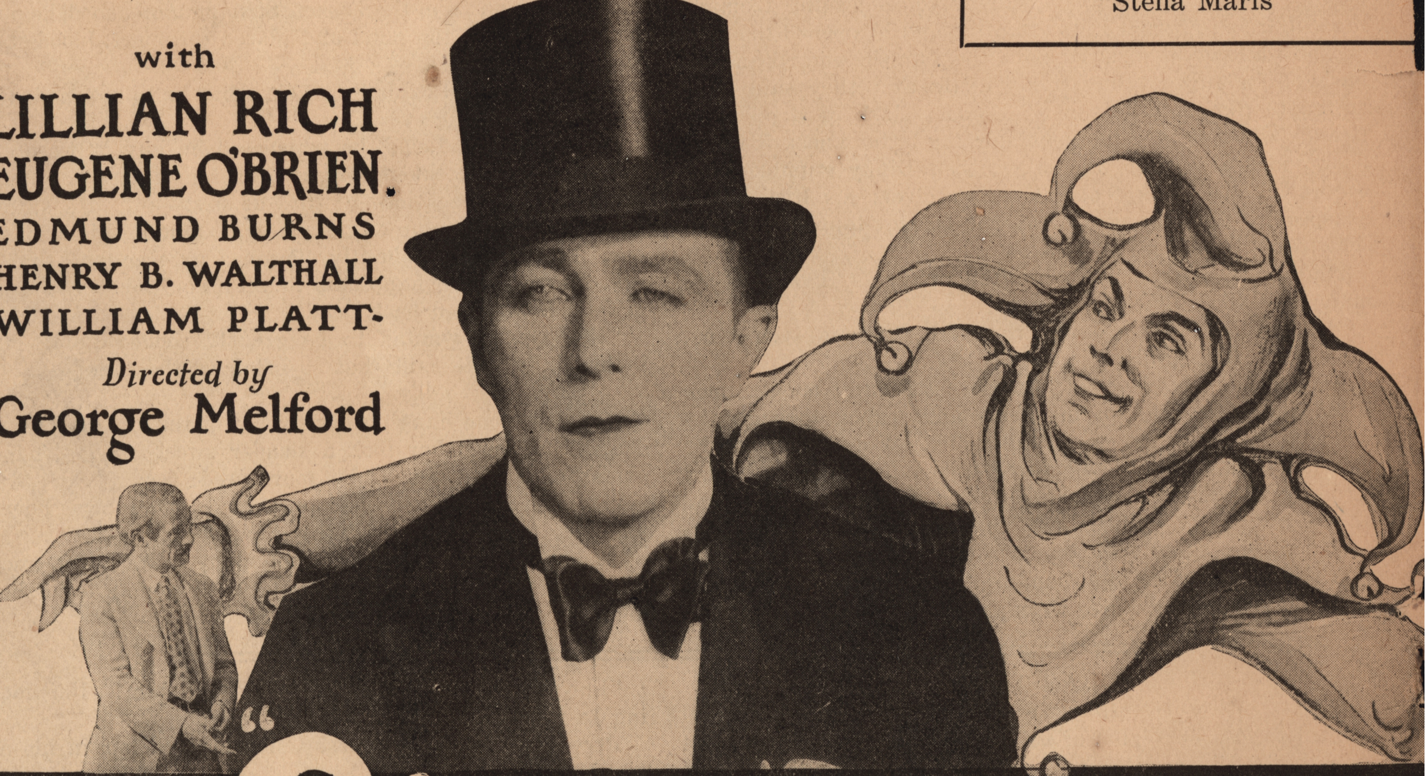

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Havoc

Adapted from the Screen Play by HARRIET WORKS CORLEY

With the war-mad world as a stage, two women played their parts, while far away in sunny France, now knee-deep in mud and mire, two men daily faced death with the image of one cherished in their hearts.

"NOW I can go back to France with something to fight for," said Roddy Dunton, captain in the English army, home on leave. He pressed his lips to Violet's forehead with that reverence which a man who daily faces death feels for every woman, for a woman had faced death to give him life, life into which Heaven had sent him Violet.

"And my love will follow you wherever you go." He could hardly believe it himself. Violet, just that afternoon, had told him that she would marry him, and had confessed, blushing and confused, that it had been he, Roddy, whom she had loved all along.

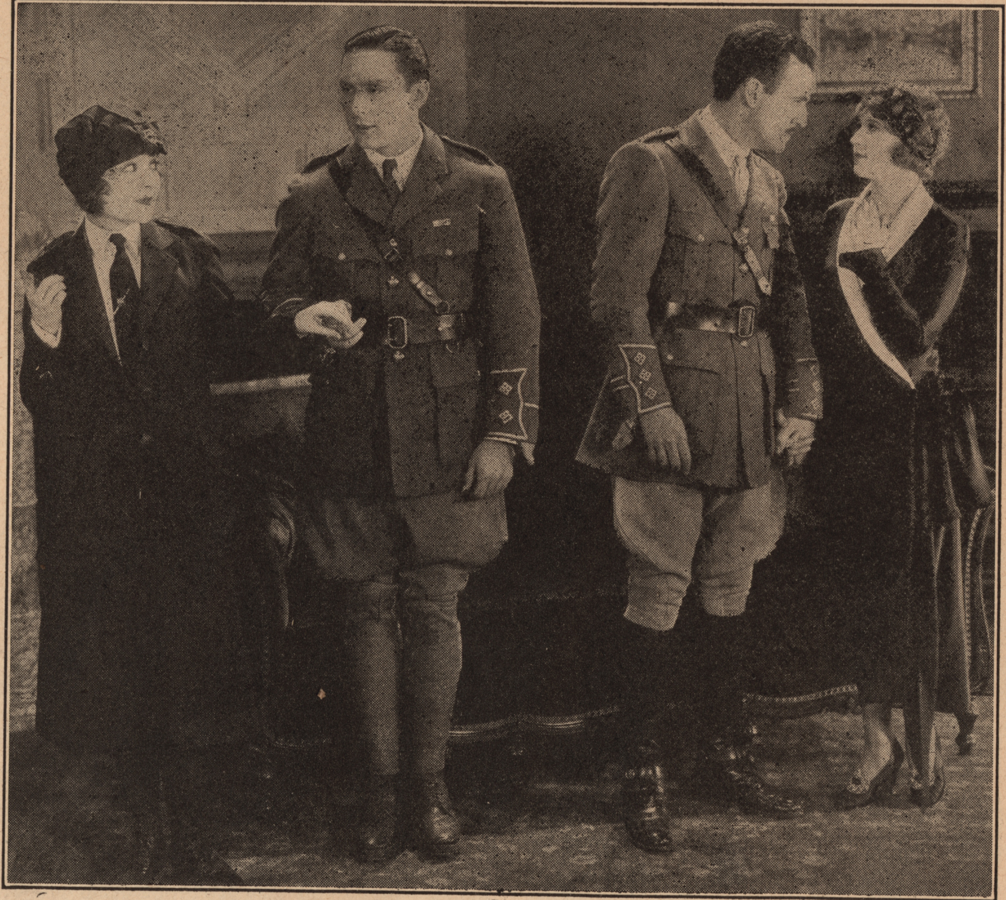
"How could you have been so blind as to think I loved Dick?" she asked, laughing. "Roddy darling," kissing him again and again, "it is you I love—you, always."

The boy had known Heaven itself at her words. How was he to guess, poor lad, that Violet, the frivolous, the vain, the gay, was cruelty itself where the hearts of her lovers were concerned, and that the man she "really loved" was the one who chanced to be by her side at the moment? How could he know that she had said the same to Dick—said it to dozens?

The last night of his leave they were sitting together at a table in The Camilla Club. Dick Chappell, Roddy's best friend and one of Violet's many admirers, had promised to join them, but had called later to say that he was going to spend his last evening on leave at home with his mother. He would see both Violet and Roddy the next morning, Vi at her home when he called to say good-by, and Roddy at headquarters as they were in the same regiment.

The eagerness in Dick's voice when he spoke of Vi smote Roddy, for as yet his engagement to the girl they both loved was a secret. He had behaved, he knew, quite as though old Dick had never entered into things, had gone ahead and taken Violet without a thought for Dick. But, of course, that was all right. Everything is fair in love and war. Violet herself had chosen him, when she might have had Dick, or, for that matter, twenty others. She had followed her own heart.

Her own heart! Through all the hell of war which lay ahead of him, her heart was his — through all that hell — and, if need be, beyond it.



Tessie beckoned Dick from the room in order that Rod and Vi might have their last few moments alone.

As Roddy left Violet at the door of the charming little home where she lived with her sister, she touched his lips lightly with her own and told him that she expected to see him in the morning.

Then he went home to dream quite the most sacred dreams of a man's existence. But Violet's sleep was dreamless. One must have a heart to dream.

"She is beautiful, Roddy!" Tessie stood with her brother in Violet's drawing-room next day and together they examined a full length portrait of the girl Roddy was going to marry.

This story is adapted from the William Fox screen presentation of the play by Henry Wall. Edmund Goulding wrote the scenario and Rowland V. Lee directed, with George O'Brien appearing as Dick Chappell, Walter McGrail as Roddy Dunton, Margaret Livingston as Violet Deering, Madge Bellamy as Tessie Dunton, Leslie Fenton as Babe, Bertram Grassby as Count Alexis and Edythe Chapman as Mrs. Chappell.

"Are you going to see Roddy and his sister?" asked Alice of Violet who was still in bed.

Vi's ways met with Alice's severe disapproval. The latter had long since laid her heart away in a war grave somewhere, no one knew where, on the battlefield. How could Vi, her sister, bear to play havoc with the hearts of the boys, who flocked around her, sending them out to die with her false promises cherished in their breasts.

"I suppose I ought to see them," Vi answered indifferently without moving. She smiled as she thought of the effect of her next words: "I became engaged to Roddy only yesterday."

"Tell her I love her more than ever, Dick," Rod said, as he handed his friend the wristwatch for Vi.

"Why did you do that? You will never marry him."

"No," agreed Violet with much cheerfulness, "but he doesn't know that, poor dear, and it sends him off happy."

She extended a dainty foot and thrust it into a silken slipper. Gleaming blonde hair, eyes which should have held the soul of an angel in their depths, so lovely were they, skin like a child's, yes, she was beautiful.

When, clothed and smiling, perfect in every detail, she at last appeared below, Tessie thought she had never seen anyone so lovely. This exquisite thing, to be her sister!

To Tessie's ear attuned for the bell which would announce Dick, the faint tinkle was most welcome, for, unknown to anyone, since she had been a tiny girl, and Dick, a school chum of Roddy's, had come to their home, she had loved him. She had received the news of Roddy's engagement to Vi with joy in her heart, for now Dick would be free—perhaps for her.

"You may tease me now," said Roddy when Vi left them to greet Dick in the hall, "but some day you'll be in love yourself. Wait and see."

"How do you know I am not now?" asked Tessie.

"I couldn't leave mother last night. Sorry, Vi," Dick was saying.

"And you pretend to care for me?"

It seemed a good time to deal her blow—as she knew this engagement of hers to Roddy would be to Dick.

"Never mind. I know you weren't serious. I promised to marry Roddy last night. Come in and congratulate him. He's here," and, gliding from his side, she re-entered the room.

For a moment the earth rocked under Dick's feet. Vi engaged to Roddy—engaged to anyone except himself! She had known how he had felt, he had told her, and she had led him to think—nearly anything he wished to believe!

Squaring his shoulders, he followed so closely that the pause was lost in Tessie's greetings. He held out his hand to Roddy.

"Vi just told me, old man, and I wish you all the happiness in the world."

"I think I know how you feel about —Vi," Tessie said later, when they were alone, Vi and Roddy having wandered to the library where they might bid each other farewell in solitude.

Even joy in her own happiness could not obliterate her grief at anything which pained Dick, even though it was Roddy's gain. She wondered if now—but no, that couldn't be. How could she hope for Dick's love when it had been given to that radiantly lovely creature? She herself, in her plain uniform, was a drab little grub beside this shining butterfly.

Presently Violet and Roddy joined them and the two boys rushed off to meet their regiment.

"Come and see me on your next leave," Vi told Dick, then she turned to Tessie and said graciously, "If you'll wait while I dress, I'll take you to the hospital in my car."

But when Tessie saw Count Alexis, unannounced, wander upstairs to Violet's boudoir, she decided not to wait. She left the house with an uneasy feeling. What was this man doing in the boudoir of this girl, to whom her brother was engaged? Had she been able to hear the words which preceded the audible burst of laughter from above, she would have been gravely alarmed.

"Engaged? My word!" ejaculated the Count, with carefully acquired British fervor. He threw back his head and laughed heartily at some mysterious joke, and Violet chimed in.

Somehow, to Tessie, their laughter clashed rather horribly with the sound of fife and drum, which, outside, was sending away the boys they had just bade Godspeed, perhaps to their death. The flower of London was starting for the trenches, but the Count, and others like him, secure in their alien birth, remained behind.

Far-away France, sunny France, lay knee-deep in mud and mire. Feet plodded through it wearily, yet hearts were light and heads held high in the rain, which, it seemed, had fallen for weeks. They were back at it once more and the sooner they began, the sooner the next leave would come.

"I thought we joined the army, not the navy," sang out Smithy, a first lieutenant of Capt. Dunton's outfit, as he and Babe, the youngest officer in the army, also under Roddy,

came into the room, shaking water from their eyes.

"Dick's going out on leave tonight?" asked Babe, for it was true that Dick was leaving again in a short hour.

"Gee, I envy you!" Smithy exclaimed.

"I envy you your chance to see Vi," added Roddy.

Dick looked up from a refractory strap on his luggage. He wondered how much of his feelings for Vi Roddy knew. As things stood, he did not wish to see the girl whose image was constantly, painfully, in his mind. But Rod was sure to load him down with messages. Yes, he would see her, of course.

"Orders are for our company to stay in the billet for another fortnight!" Smithy, who had just returned from the adjutant's office, announced.

"Gee, you'll be here when I get back! I'll go to the front with you, after all!"

Smithy groaned. "Boy, we'll start in fighting when you are an old man with whiskers to your knees."

Roddy rose from his desk and gave Dick a tiny package, a wristwatch for Violet, for which he had walked to Amiens, all the way through mud. He had spent the afternoon in writing a letter to send with it.

"Tell her I love her more than ever, Dick."

As Dick turned to Babe, whom he loved like a younger brother, the boy flung himself onto his bunk and pulled his army coat over his eyes.

"I won't watch you go, Dick," he said, extending a hand which Dick grasped firmly. "Good-by, old man."

"Cheerio, Dick, and the best damn time a man ever had!"

At home in London, Tessie and Mrs. Chappell, who had become great friends, sat over a tea-table to which Tessie often hurried after her work released her for the day. The older woman entirely approved of this charming young girl who had set aside all thoughts of self since the War began, and she shrewdly suspected Tessie's interest in Dick.

"I have a letter from Roddy and it's all about Dick," Tessie told her.

"And mine from Dick is all about Roddy. What a wonderful officer he is, one of the finest!"

They laughed together happily. Then Tessie pulled a letter from her breast and began to read bits here and there.

"I am sorry you don't see more of Vi," she read from Roddy's letter, then stopped short.

"Violet Deering, the girl for whom my Dick used to care so much?"

Tessie sighed. "The girl Roddy is engaged to."

"I see." The elder woman stirred her tea meditatively. "Well," she said brightening, "they'll come back to us soon. We mustn't worry."

But Tessie did worry, and Mrs. Chappell, in her heart, worried, too. She had known the hold that Violet had on Dick and strongly suspected that the girl was not worth the adoration she received at every hand.

For Roddy's sake, as soon as she left Mrs. Chappell, Tessie turned toward Violet's little house on the Square. She found its usual gaiety in full swing, and Violet, a picture in her exquisite gown, a charming hostess.

Young officers in states more or less bordering on inebriation presently appeared and added their unrestrained welcome to this quiet serious girl who presented such a contrast to the scene.

"We must indulge these boys a little," Violet apologized as one of them dropped a kiss on her bare shoulder. Tessie refused the proffered cocktail and inquired:

"Did you know Dick Chappell is expected home tonight?"

"He phoned here a while ago," Violet returned. "I expect him any moment. If you'd care to stay——"

The bell peeled sharply.

"That must be Dick now," Violet said. "I think I know how you feel toward him. Wouldn't you like to see him first? I'll follow after a little."

Tessie accepted with alacrity and Violet smiled as she hastened to her boudoir. She patted her hair and sprayed herself afresh with perfume before joining them.

"I have a message from Roddy for Vi," Dick explained to Tessie. "You don't mind if we leave you for a little while? Roddy's private business, Tess."

She smiled her assent and, without a qualm, watched the two disappear into the library.

Within, Vi sat on the divan and patted the place beside her in invitation to Dick.

"Are you and Roddy great pals, now?" she asked curiously, as she took the watch without making any comment on Dick's statement that Roddy had walked twenty miles to get it for her.

"Great pals? Surely! And always will be!"

"I see."

"He thinks of you all the time, Vi."

"And do you?" The question was flung at him without mercy.

"Don't probe old wounds, Vi," he begged.

His smile was his undoing. Violet threw her arms about the boy, who suddenly turned to stone at her touch and closed his eyes as if to shut out temptation. She drew him so close that he could feel the warmth of her body against him; she rained kisses on his closed eyes, his face, his lips, but his arms remained stiffly by his side, his fists clenched.

"You belong to Roddy," he somehow managed to say.

"And you belong to—me!"

She released him, then her murmuring lips wandered once more over his face, held close to her own between her soft hands.

The boy did not move or give sign that he felt her touch.

"I love you, I love you, Dick, only you! I'll never marry Roddy; I've been waiting to tell him. It's a mistake!"

With a groan he wavered. His eyes still closed, he did not see her smile of triumph as he gathered her fiercely into his arms.

It was thus that Tessie found him when, terrified at the advances of Count Alexis, who had come down the stairs, she burst in. She could not speak, could not think, could only stand there, pale and trembling.

"Shall you tell Roddy, or shall I?" she asked at last.

"I shall tell him," Dick's voice was so low that he did not recognize it as his own. And with a sob Tessie was gone.

Leave came to an end, and, in spite of having won Violet, Dick was glad to get away from London. His heart was heavy as he crossed the Channel, for, although he eagerly welcomed the end of the strain, he did not know how to tell Roddy. As he neared their billet he tried to whistle, but his lips failed.

With relief he saw that Roddy wasn't in, only Babe, who was having his hair cut by Biddle, Roddy's orderly.

Some one had found a picture of Vi in a weekly pictorial and had placed it on Roddy's table. Hang it all! Wasn't there any respite from this thing that beset him? Apparently not, for in a moment Roddy returned from his day in the lines.

"It's *great* to have you back!" he said heartily. "How is she, Dick?"

Dick cleared his throat. Babe had wandered out; now was the time to get it over. But before he could find words, a messenger entered with a dispatch for Rod.

"We are ordered to the lines again!"

Instantly Rod prepared to leave. "Thank heaven you are back, Dick!" he said. "You saw her? Is she well?" he asked, as his friend did not move. "Lord, it's easy to fight with her waiting at home for me!"

In misery Dick looked at his enraptured face. Should he tell him now—or wait? Roddy might never come back to hear the news? Should he spare him? God, what should he do?

The two stood silent a moment, then Babe bustled in and out again, and they were alone.

"What has happened, Dick?" Roddy asked.

Outside, the columns of men formed as quickly as mist rises, and as silently. Babe thrust his head in at the door.

"You are holding up the jolly old war, Captain," he called.

"Coming! Tell me, old man! You know we've always been pals."

"Always been pals, always," repeated Dick tonelessly.

"And what are pals for, if not to trust?"

For answer Dick held Violet's letter out to Roddy.

The other brightened, with visible relief.

"Oh, that?" he cried. "Well, we'll run along, I won't read it until I come in."

"Read it now," Dick insisted, in a strange tone.

"Now?" Roddy fingered the perfumed bit lovingly. "Why, Dick, if I read it now I couldn't fight, couldn't do my duty. I'd feel the touch of her fingers on my face . . . . I'd smell her perfume . . . . She'd befuddle me . . . . I'll have it to look forward to, when I return.

"Roddy, read that letter now!"

And this time Roddy read.

As he tore the letter open, his look of surprise deepened into terror. Something rattled to the floor. The tiny bit of paper swam before his eyes.

"I am returning your ring—please forgive me," the letter ran. "Ask Dick to explain."

"Why—why—" began Roddy, then threw back his head and laughed hysterically. "Speak!" he cried. "Say something. How was old London? The—the theatres? The clubs? Did you see any of the old crowd? Ah—Dick—she means that you'll explain about the other—man?"

A sob tore his voice in two, while Dick looked on pitifully, unable to even nod his head.

"Roddy, we've been pals ever since we were kids."

The other sat down heavily, while, outside, the columns of men stirred to the orders shouted by Babe.

"I loved her, too, Rod."

Rod looked up in surprise.

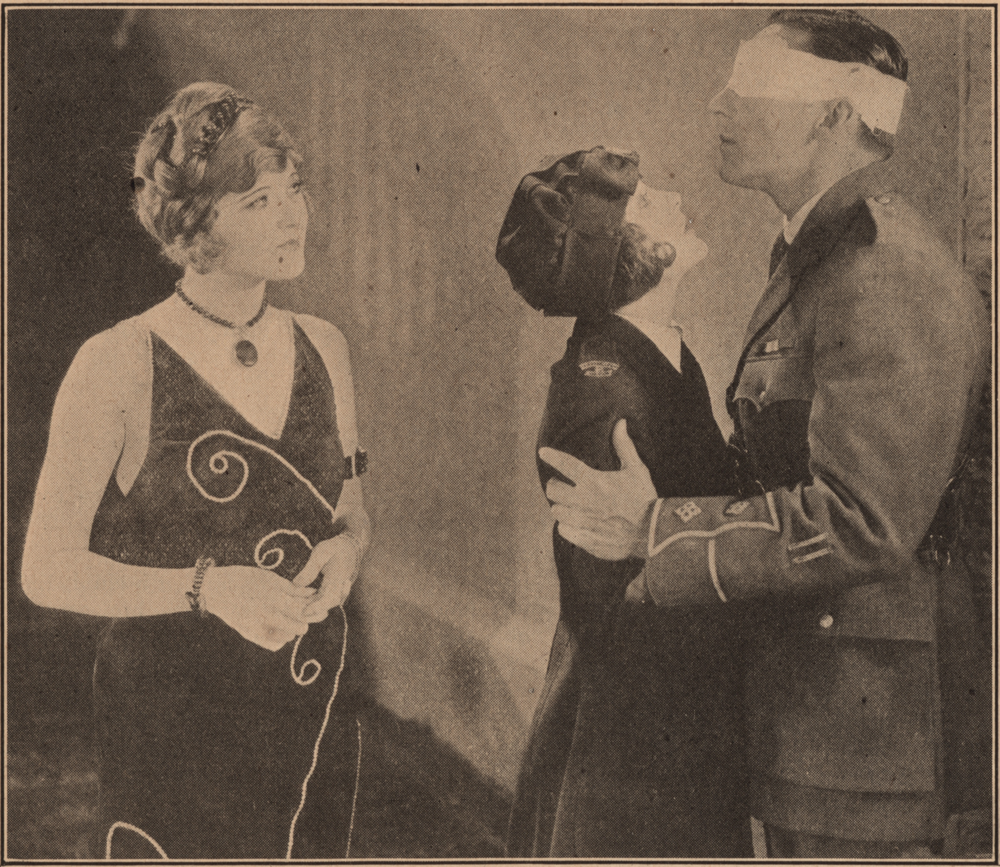
"Then you must have suffered when I—why, poor chap!" he said.

"It's the War, Rod. We hark back to the animal. We steal, we lust, we kill. Rod, I saw her. Something stronger than ourselves swept over us. She loves *me*."

Roddy's low cry was a thing of horror.

"You!" he cried. "Dick, great God, not you!" Madness blinded him. He flung himself at Dick. "You dirty thief! You dirty thief!"

It was Babe who finally wrested him from Dick before he had quite killed him. But it was Dick's own hand that steadied him and helped him to the door.



"That's a lie!" cried Dick. Straight as a homing pigeon to Tessie's side he went, guided through his darkness by the tiny sobs she could not check.

"Join your platoon," Roddy ordered at last when he could control his voice.

"I can get a transfer, old man, if you wish it."

"No!" And Dick paled at the menace in his words. "No, Dick. I want you in the lines with me."

As the feet began their steady plod onward, the two, with set, white faces, joined the ranks.

"I wish he had killed me," Dick thought again and again. But even death, he felt, could not wipe out the misery in his soul.

During the night, the enemy steadily gained ground. Dick and Babe with a handful of men were left in the foremost trench, while Rod, from the officers' dugout, directed the other battalions by wire.

Five times, as their number steadily declined, Dick sent a message back for help. Five times Roddy had promised it to the men who had staggered in. But, during the long, fearful wait, not one of the men returned to assure the boys that help was on its way.

The enemy's rockets lit the sky, and the tangled wire and fallen bodies which strewed No Man's Land made Babe, whose first engagement it was, hide his face in terror.

"Damn them, where is the relief?" he cried to Dick again and again. The thought that Roddy would fail them because of his quarrel with Dick crept into his mind.

"Roddy will stand by, never fear," Dick repeatedly assured him.

"Rod is going to suffer," Babe said, glad of any subject to take his mind from the horrors of the night. "He has no sense of humor. Poor Rod!"

"Poor Rod!" echoed Dick, gloomily.

Down in the trench the men were making light of the situation, which each knew was ominous, for, unless help came before the Heinies, it meant the end.

"They are putting the boys in nice grand hotels, now that the hospitals are full," said one with an attempt at joviality.

"Hooray, I'm hit," another cried as he wiped a splash of something from his face. "Hell, no, it's only mud!"

Babe's lips smiled wanly as his eyes strained through the dark toward No Man's Land.

Dick, at last fearing only the worst, had gone back for help. It could be a matter of moments now, surely, before it would come.

Back in the officer's quarters Dick faced Roddy.

"Did you get my messages asking for aid?" he asked.

Roddy looked up from the map he was studying.

"No."

"We need help," Dick went on hurriedly. "We are practically surrounded. And only fourteen men are left with Babe and me."

For answer Rod summoned Biddle and bade him go into the next room and dress the wound on Dick's arm.

Before they returned, the adjutant appeared for a brief moment.

"Order your men to retreat," he said. "We are surrounded. Have you heard from Chappell?"

"Yes, sir," Roddy answered, then—"No, sir." And the adjutant was gone.

Roddy reported the adjutant's visit to Dick. "He says he will send relief." His voice trembled. "You are to hold on—until then."

"That will put new heart in the boys!" And, trembling as though ague were upon him, Roddy watched Dick go out of the room—to certain death.

"Nurse him, my pretty lady," he muttered. "He'll need you now!"

All night the sounds of retreating footsteps swept past Roddy, who would have remained in the dugout had not Biddle, rousing him, led him out, and far back to the farmhouse in which officer's headquarters were newly established. Outside, as the rattle of artillery and shouted orders filled the night, the wind groaned, as if in anguish, rattling the loose blinds of the house, and creaking the doors.

Every sound struck terror to Roddy's soul. Dick's ghost come to haunt him so soon? Where was Dick now? Ah, bleeding, suffering, dying, somewhere—mown to earth! Nervously he paced the floor of the room, lit only by the flickering candle.

"I'll get your tea, sir," Biddle had said soothingly. He had gone to the pump for water. But, damn it, that was hours ago. Rod was alone, and from every quarter crept unseen horrors.

"No news from Dick this time?" the adjutant came in to ask once more.

"There has been none," Rod told him, wetting his lips.

The older man shook his head. He was war-toughened, but the sight of the other's distress touched him deeply.

"Poor Dick!" he said, misreading its cause. "It's hard, Dunton, to lose your best friend. Tough! You stay here until we get further orders. God knows where we'll be at dawn!"

He slammed the door and in that ghostly, dim little room God seemed very far away, but the devil's laugh rang mightily in the wind.

And still, out in the trenches, relief hadn't come!

Dick had returned and his news, as he knew, had heartened the men to the dread task of waiting. The tiny number shrank to ten, then to six, then five. No one spoke now, save when it was necessary. Each man knew, in his heart, that his hour had come.

"It's because you stole his girl," Babe had said once, but, Dick had checked him.

"Rod won't fail us," he repeated dully, though he knew he lied.

There was a sudden flash, and by its light, hell broke loose in the enemy's lines. Over the top they streamed, a horde of the enemy, across No Man's Land, toward the tiny handful.

"Ah—A—H—H—h!" It was Babe's moan as he burst into sobs of terror. Boys, Babe's age, were still at their studies in school.

Dick, and the four men left, struggled over the trench, while Babe, rooted to the spot, clung to the side of the wall. Then, before he hid his eyes, he saw the gallant five swept into the mouth of hell.

His ebbing strength returned to him. Wildly, sobbing piteously for his mother, he turned and fled.

Somehow, after hours of wandering, he found Roddy's quarters.

"Platoon safe?" the Captain greeted him gazedly.

Babe shook his head. "No! Dead! All dead!"

"Sure?" Rod's voice spat at him like the bark of a gun.

"Quite sure. They are dead, their hair blowing in the wind, their eyes open, looking up at the sky." His voice was lifeless.

For a moment Roddy met the challenge in the boy's suffering eyes. "There's something I want to say to you," Babe told him. "May I speak out?"

"Yes."

"Why did you send Dick out there into that hell when you had received orders to retreat? Because you wanted to kill him! You murderer!" His voice rose to a scream. "You murderer!"

With an oath he lunged at him.

As he would have carried a child, Biddle gathered the sick boy into his arms and bore him screaming and raving into the next room. Such a young lad to be fighting! Biddle's own boys, almost Babe's age, were safe at home!

Tenderly as a woman he soothed the crazed boy beside him.

"The Heinies came, thousands of them," Babe sobbed, "and we—we—you don't blame me for runing away, do you! *Do you?* Only four of us, Biddle, and the whole German army! Dick—Simpson, everybody dead. Oh, Biddle, dead!"

"I don't blame you." Still holding the boy tight in his arms, he tried to comfort him. The terror which beset the lad, he knew, was nothing to that which, outside the door, the Captain faced.

"Damn you, shut up!" Roddy had looked in to say, and Babe broke into ceaseless sobbing.

When finally he slept, it seemed to the man waiting outside that, after all, Babe's ravings had been preferable to the stillness. At least the sounds had been half-human. But this—the voices of the dead were insistent in their clamoring through the silent night.

He had fallen asleep in his chair for a brief moment when a noise aroused him. He sprang up instantly, knife in hand. Steps dragged down the hall, the door opened. A hand as familiar as his own clutched for a moment at its frame.

Groping about the room, the newcomer approached Roddy, who stood against the fireplace huddled with fright.

"Roddy, where are you?" It was Dick's voice. "Rod, old fellow, I am blind!"

Dick was—alive!

(*Continued on page* 33)

"All my life, Mother, I have had to give in to Lina's whims, but in this, when my life's happiness is at stake, I refuse. I shall accept Vane if he asks me to be his wife," I flashed.

Is Pride Greater Than Love?

Before I consented to be Vane's wife, I told him the story I had just heard from my mother's lips, then I stood before him---waiting---waiting to feel his arms about me, to hear his comforting voice in my ear.

JUNE—the month of roses and of love! The air was fragrant with the odor of many blossoms, nodding in the evening breeze outside my window, as I dressed carefully, though with eager, trembling fingers, humming a happy little love tune as I slipped the filmy, blue dress over my head and patted it lovingly into place. I fluffed out my new bob caressingly, then stepped back slowly to see the effect. Vane loved blue. He said that it brought out the gold glints in my hair and deepened the blue of my eyes, and with a little thrill of satisfaction I observed the truth of his words. I was lovely—my mirror told me that—and I coveted that loveliness because Vane loved beauty, and I knew that tonight he would ask me the question that I so longed to hear. I was giving the final touches to my toilette when there came a little knock at the door and Marie entered.

"Your mother wishes to see you for a few minutes in her room before you go down, Miss Beth," she said.

"All right, Marie," I answered, as I turned, gathered up the exquisite Spanish shawl from my bed, and hurried out.

Mother glanced up coldly as I entered her room. She seemed displeased, and I wondered dimly if I had offended her in any way. Mother was a handsome woman, tall, stately, with patrician features, that told of the generations of good blood before her. I could have loved her, but her very coolness repelled me. And yet she seemed to love Lina with a passionate love. I could not understand it. Lina was my younger sister, and Mother had always favored her. Always unfailingly kind to me, yet, if Lina's desires ever clashed with mine, it was Lina who won out, because Mother always took her part. I had seen other mothers whose daughters differed as essentially as Lina and I, and yet they were loving and impartial to both. Long years had accustomed me to this, however, and I had grown to think it was because Lina was so like Mother—tall, stately, beautiful in a cold, distant way, while I was vivacious and impulsive, looking like—oh, well, I did not know whom I did look like, but certainly nothing like Mother.

Illustration through the courtesy of Eleanor Boardman, Hedda Hopper and Metro-Goldwyn Pictures Corp.

I was too happy to mind even Mother's displeasure, so I turned round and round gaily, crying:

"See, Mother, am I all right? Vane is coming, and I want to look my best."

But there was no softening in my Mother's eyes as she calmly glanced over me.

"Sit down, Beth. It is about Vane that I wish to speak to you. You say he is coming tonight?"

I sat down carefully, not wishing to mar by a wrinkle the soft folds of the lovely dress.

"Yes, Mother," I replied. "I'm expecting him any minute now."

"I had hoped that you would not care for him," she began. "You know Lina seemed to like him very much when she came back from Mrs. Traymore's house party, and he seemed to admire her, I have been told. That was before he met you. Lina takes an interest in so few men that I was hoping they would be attracted to each other, but, of course, when Vane transferred his attentions to you, naturally Lina, with her pride, held coolly aloof. So I am going to ask you, Beth, to refuse Vane Carey if he asks you to marry him tonight."

"But, Mother," I cried in surprise, "why should I refuse Vane just because Lina happened to be interested in him? What of my happiness? Do I count for nothing in your eyes?"

Mother smiled that cold, inscrutable smile of hers as she answered:

"Certainly I am interested in your happiness. That is why I am asking you to refuse Vane Carey tonight. There are certain reasons for my request, Beth, reasons that I much prefer not to give. Vane comes of a very proud family, and a very old one, and he, himself, would not stand for a shadow of dishonor upon that fair name."

"You speak in riddles, Mother!" I cried. "What possible shadow of dishonor would I place the Carey name under if Vane should marry me? Is not the blood that flows through my veins as good as that of any Carey that ever lived? You spoke of Lina's being attracted to Vane. If there is any reason why Vane should be ashamed to marry me, would it not apply to Lina also?"

Mother shrugged. "I have my reasons, Beth, and I demand that you refuse Vane if he should propose tonight."

"And I refuse," I replied angrily. "All my life, Mother, I have had to give in to Lina's whims, but in this, when my life's happiness is at stake, I refuse. I shall accept Vane if he asks me to be his wife."

Mother rose, took a few short turns about the room, as if undecided what to say, then turned a white, cold face toward me. Her voice came hard and cutting:

"Then, if you insist, I shall give you my reason, Beth. I did not want to do so, but by your refusal of my request you have forced me to. You are not my daughter."

I sat stunned, scarcely believing that I had heard aright. I felt that I must be dreaming. I glanced around the familiar room, a cold, horrible feeling of despair gripping me. My gaze again sought Mother.

"Not your daughter? Then who am I?" I questioned, hardly above a whisper.

Mother shook her head slowly. "I do not know. We, John and I, found you one night on our porch, in the little town of—where we lived then. There were no means of identification, and John insisted upon keeping you. I did not wish to do so, but he refused absolutely to let you go, so finally, after many quarrels, I gave in. He named you Beth. Just why, I do not know, but he insisted upon it."

My world tumbled about me at Mother's words. I, who had thought myself to be a daughter of the proud old race of Graham, a nameless beggar, living on charity all these years! Now I could understand Mother's actions. She had always regarded me as an interloper, as one who was perhaps taking from Lina what should be rightfully hers. A flood of rebellious shame and misery overwhelmed me.

"Mother," I cried despairingly, "why did you wait so long to tell me this? It would have been kinder to have told me years ago. Why, oh, why, do you tell me now?"

Again Mother shrugged, and yet her voice was softer, more pitying, as she answered: "John"—the man whom I had always known as Father—"insisted upon it. He demanded that I never tell you. No one knows now but John and me, not even Lina, for when we left—we left the secret behind us, and everyone believes you to be our daughter. I do not know what John will say when he returns, but I had to tell you. I know the Carey pride, and if Vane should marry you and later find out the truth, it could mean only unhappiness for all concerned. So promise me, Beth, you will refuse Vane and no one shall ever know. If you refuse my request, I shall have to tell Vane the truth."

Anger, hot, blinding anger at the injustice of it all, enveloped me, and I rose to my feet, quivering and defiant, and faced Mother.

"No," I cried, "I will not promise. I will tell Vane myself. He is proud, yes, but his is not the base pride that you suggest. Vane loves me for myself alone, not for who I am or might be."

Mother's assurance maddened me. "Suit yourself, Beth. I know the Carey pride, however, and it is greater than love. Please bring Vane in for congratulations after you have accepted him tonight."

Blindly I left the room. Everything seemed to mock me; the very pictures on the walls stared coldly, pityingly down upon me as upon an outcast. My face was burning, my hands icy cold. I rushed out into the garden, out into the moonlight and roses. Sinking down upon a garden seat, I covered my burning face with my cold hands, trying to push some of the turmoil out of my brain. Brave words, those I had uttered to my mother about Vane, and yet I was afraid, terribly afraid, of that Carey pride. I knew how his haughty mother and sisters would regard me if they knew, and I wondered, too, whether Vane's love would stand the test.

The beauty of the moonlight everywhere upon the roses calmed me, and the soft, evening breeze cooled my burning face. The sweet call of a mockingbird brought peace, and Hope once more lifted her head in my heart. Vane, my Vane! How could I doubt him? He would not be worthy of the love I held for him if he failed me now. A little thrill of joy ran through me as I saw him coming eagerly toward me, the moonlight full upon his proud, dark head, hands outstretched in happy greeting.

"Marie told me I would find you here, the very place above all others I would want you to be tonight, little Beth. There is something I want to ask——"

"Wait, Vane, hear the mockingbird!" I exclaimed hurriedly. "Let's go find him. He's over there in the big tree in the corner."

I arose hurriedly, clasping Vane's arm, and leading him along, half-unwillingly, half-laughingly. Anything to be moving! I felt that I could not sit still and tell him my story. At last we stood just beneath the tree from whence the bird's sweet song came, and then I told him.

Vane's face was in the shadows. I could not see, but I heard his gasp of shocked surprise, as I ended by saying: "So you see, Vane, I am not my Father's daughter, not a Graham. I don't know who I am."

He stood perfectly still, and I, who had hoped to feel his arms clasp me quickly, to hear eager, tender words telling me that love was all that mattered, stood there waiting for some sign from him. At last I laid one hand timidly on his sleeve. A bright beam of moonlight shone full upon his haggard face, as he turned quickly toward me as if to take me in his arms, but they fell limply to his sides, as he drew back with a groan.

"Little Beth, oh, little Beth, why did it have to be this way? I love you so, and yet your mother is right—pride is greater than love."

I waited to hear no more. Shame and humiliation were mine as I fled through the garden to the house, and outraged love. The love that I had stood so ready and eager to give him, Vane had trampled in the dust, and I felt only stinging scorn for the man who could do thus. I feared I would have to meet Mother's mocking eyes as I entered the house, but no one was in sight, so I stole quietly upstairs to my room. Here at last I could give full vent to my feelings, to the despair that overwhelmed me, and yet no tears came as I lay across my bed, instead only deeper scorn for the man I had loved. As I lay there, going over and over the events of the night, a sudden resolve came to me. I would go to my Father. Of his love I felt sure. No girl had ever had a better or more loving Father than John Graham had been to me.

I rose and began to gather a few things hurriedly. Father was away on business in the distant city and the Limited left at midnight. I had but one thought now, to leave the house, whose walls seemed to mock me, to get out of reach of Mother's cold, pitying eyes. I had a little money left from my last allowance, and I determined to ask Father to send me to a business college, where I could soon learn to be independent and perhaps pay back in some measure what they had spent on me. I decided to let no one know of my departure and merely left a little note for Mother telling her where I was going and why.

The next day I arrived at Father's hotel, hot and tired. Father was not in, but I proceeded to his room and made myself comfortable, and lying down was soon fast asleep. I knew no more until a light touch on my shoulder wakened me, and looked up to see Father's dear, familiar face looking surprisedly down at me.

"Beth, what brings you here, little daughter?"

With a cry of mingled relief and sorrow, I was soon pouring out my story in Father's loving arms, arms that held me tenderly, even while I saw the storm clouds of anger on his usually mild face. I had never seen Father really angry, and I became rather frightened as I saw how terribly my words had affected him. He put me aside gently enough when I had finished telling him, but then strode furiously up and down the room, face livid, hands clenched, muttering angrily:

"Lucille shall hear the truth now. She had no right to tell after giving me her promise, and young Carey, he, too, shall hear." After a few minutes he became calmer, and turned suddenly to me, saying: "Get your things ready, little daughter, we are returning home immediately."

"But, Father," I said, "I don't want to go back. I feel as though I have no right there any more. I can't endure it."

Father came over and took me in his arms.

"Here, here, little Beth, no crying now, dear. You are your Father's daughter. I, too, have a story to tell when we get home."

His words filled me with strange wonderment, and, yet, comforted, too. What story could Father have to tell?

All the way back home I pondered over this question, and yet dared not ask him what he meant. A strange, new dignity seemed to have settled over him, and his face held a firm, new resolve.

Mother and Lina were out at a party somewhere, when we reached home. I went on up to my room, after promising Father I would be down in the library at six o'clock. After a long nap and a warm bath, I felt very much refreshed, and, after dressing, was impatient and eager to hear what Father had to say, so promptly at six I descended the stairs and entered the library.

Mother was there, and I saw with a start of surprise so was Vane. Both seemed ill at ease. Father entered just behind me, and, leading me over to a couch, sat down beside me, drawing me close. His face was slightly pale, but determined, and his calm voice never faltered as he began his story.

"I had intended never to tell this, Lucille," he began, addressing Mother, "but, since you have seen fit to break your promise, I shall have to do so. I invited Vane to hear it because I wish him to know the true facts of Beth's parentage. You remember that at the time of our marriage I was still a student at L. S. U. I objected very much to being married at the time, telling father that I wished to complete my studies first, but mother, who was in very bad health, insisted that you and I be married before she died. You were the daughter of mother's dearest friend, and mother could never tolerate the thought of my marrying any one else. The real reason for my objections to our marriage, and subsequent surrender, I shall now relate.

"I was entering on my third term at the university when I met Beth Marler. She was a tiny, little thing, frail, delicate, trying to work her way through by doing outside work that she had not the strength for. We soon found ourselves very much in love, and it worried me that Beth had to work so hard. However, she was an orphan, and there seemed no other way out. But finally her health failed, and one night she told me with many tears that she would have to give up her studies and find some quiet place in the country, where she could possibly do enough work to pay for her board. I could not bear the thought of being parted from her, however, and, as I was getting a generous allowance from father, begged her to marry me. Beth objected at first, but I finally won her consent, and we stole away quietly to an adjoining parish one Sunday and were married. We kept our secret, because I was afraid that if father found out he would stop my allowance and I would have to quit my studies and go to work a short distance from town. I found a quiet little place for Beth to stay with a kind old man and lady. Here she could have rest and quiet and regain her strength.

"For the remainder of the term we were ideally happy. Beth grew stronger, and I spent all my spare time with her. I had planned to remain at school during the summer in order to be near her, and to hasten the time when I would finish my studies and be able to claim my darling before the world, but mother's health became much worse and father urged me to come home. Beth also told me that it was my duty to go and be with my mother. I did so, and all that summer had to withstand mother's tears and pleadings that I marry you, Lucille. Father also first pleaded, then threatened, and it was with great relief and joy that I hurried back to Beth at the opening of my fourth term. My wife confided to me her secret then that about the time the merry Christmas bells rang out we would have a little one. I was very happy, but anxious, too, about Beth, as she seemed very frail and weak again. As Christmas drew nearer, Beth grew more and more feeble. She seemed to have no strength. The same day that our little one was born I received a telegram from father, urging me to come home at once, as mother

was very ill and would not be satisfied otherwise. I was so worried about Beth, I hardly gave the telegram a second thought, although I did want to see my mother. Beth grew weaker and weaker as the next few days passed, and the doctor told me that only an operation would give her a chance to live. I had no money and determined on a flying trip home to appeal to father, not telling him my real need for the money, however. My appeal was in vain. Father would not let me have a cent unless you and I were married before I went back to school. Mother was very ill and cried and pleaded with me, until finally in desperation I yielded, and we were married at her bedside. She was very happy and seemed to grow much better, so that I returned to school next day, after receiving a substantial check from father. I despised myself for what I had done, but could see no other way out.

"Beth was operated on the next day, but lived only long enough afterward to murmur:

" 'John, take care of our little one always.' "

Father's voice faltered and grew slightly husky here, but he went on bravely as his arms tightened around me.

"I was nearly crazed with grief over losing my darling, but determined at any cost to carry out her last request. I left little Beth in the care of the kind old couple, and continued my studies, finishing that year. Then I was confronted with the problem of returning home to you, who thought yourself my wife. I determined that we must be re-married somehow, so, as mother was much better and able to be about, I insisted that we have a big church wedding all over again, saying that I did not feel as though the hasty ceremony performed at mother's bedside was a real marriage. To my great relief every one approved of the plan, and so we were re-married—or rather married for the first time.

"I entered into business for myself and became a fairly successful lawyer. Then I determined to get my little daughter into my own home. You remember I made a trip in my car to Baton Rouge that day, returning home late at night. I, myself, brought little Beth and laid her on our porch as she slept. There we found her a few hours later when she awoke and began to cry. The rest of the story you know, how I insisted upon keeping her and calling her 'Beth' and winning your promise to bring her up as our own, when we moved here after father and mother died. I hope you will forgive me, Lucille," Father ended pleadingly, "for I did everything for the best."

There was dead silence in the room after he finished. Again I was happy and secure in the knowledge that I was a Graham, that no trace of shame lingered over my birth, and a deep prayer of thankfulness arose from my heart. But I thought of Mother and the effect Father's story would have on a proud heart that had never been humbled before. I glanced across at her and felt a deep pang of pity as I saw how white and motionless she sat. Father, too, was looking expectantly at her. Finally she rose and, in a hoarse, shaking voice, demanded of Father:

"Do you mean to tell me that for six long months I bore your name and yet was no wife?" Father merely nodded his head. "Then I will never forgive you," she said, in the old haughty manner, and, turning, walked proudly from the room.

Then, I thought suddenly of Vane and the probable effect of the story on him. I was bewildered at myself, that I could almost forget his very existence, and in the same room with him. I, who had trembled at his touch, who had so fondly hoped to be his wife just three short days ago, now could calmly look across the room to where he sat, head bowed upon his hands. Suddenly he looked up, sorrow and regret plainly written on his face. He addressed Father.

"Mr. Graham, I have been a cad, a proud, selfish brute, but I would like a few words alone with Beth, if you please."

Father gently loosened his arms from around me and, stooping, kissed me, whispering:

"Be kind to him, Beth," and then left us alone.

I sat still, waiting for Vane to speak, still wondering at the calmness with which I could regard him. I felt no scorn, no resentment, only a cold, distant pity, for I knew Vane still cared and was now suffering humiliation and remorse. Finally, he rose and, coming toward me, sank upon his knees at my side, bending his proud, dark head before me.

"Beth," he pleaded, taking my unresisting hands in his own, "little Beth, won't you forgive me? Be my wife, dear, and I will spend my life making it all up to you."

But no answering warmth awoke in my heart. I looked curiously down at the dark waves of hair I had so often longed to run my fingers through caressingly. Now no such desire moved me, and I answered slowly, calmly:

"No, Vane, I cannot be your wife. I am the same girl to whom you said the other night, 'Pride is greater than love.' "

"Beth, please, dear, you are only angry now. We will be so happy! I love you so! Won't you at least give me a little hope?"

But I could only shake my head firmly.

"I am not angry, Vane. I thought I did love you, but all my love, if there was any, died the other night when all my world seemed in ruins about me. I am sorry, but I cannot bid you hope."

Slowly Vane arose and left me. I pitied him, and yet I knew that never again could I love him. He had killed that by the cruel words he had uttered on that never-to-be-forgotten night.

Several years have passed since then, and I have never regretted my decision. I persuaded Father to let me attend business college, having no further desire for the life of idle pleasure I had been leading. There I met a man whom I could both respect and love, and am now happy in a home of my own, with two little ones. Mother forgave Father, after all, and had her way also, for Lina is now Vane's wife, but they are not happy, at least Vane is not. Lina is the same, cool, haughty always. They have no children, and I often catch Vane's eyes following me wistfully as I playfully romp with mine during my visits back home to see them. Strange to say, Mother now seems happiest when she comes on a visit to us in our own home, or when I am there visiting with my babies, and she is sweetly humble. As for Father, well, I love him more than ever for I thought I had lost him, only to find again that I was my Father's daughter.

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MISS C. M.: "I wonder if your crystal can tell me anything about three old Vitagraph favorites, Florence Turner, William Humphrey and Maurice Costello. Where are they now, and what are they doing?" Well, my crystal can do just that. Florence Turner has a rôle in the current release, "The Dark Angel," a First National picture. William Humphrey may be seen playing a heavy in F. B. O.'s "Drusilla With A Million." And, by the way, Mr. Humphrey plays such a convincing heavy that in the theatre where I saw this picture the audience soundly hissed him. That's going some in a picture! And Maurice Costello is now directing one of his young daughters in a production for Warner Brothers. So that's that! I'll have to hand it to you fans for loyalty to your old favorites.

MILLIE D.: Yes, I can tell you who is to play lead in Fannie Hurst's prize story, "The Mannequin." Dolores Costello has been lent to Paramount by Warner Brothers for the leading and title rôle. Gladys Walton was born in Boston, Mass. According to the studio directory she has "hazel brown hair and hazel gray eyes." Will Rogers was born near Claremore, Indian Territory.

JOHN: Yes, Charlie Chaplin is back from Europe and hard at work in his Hollywood studio on his next picture, "The Dandy." Yes, Syd is Charlie's brother. I thought all the fans knew that. True, Charlie was born in Paris, and Syd at Cape Town, South Africa, but what of it? They're brothers all right. Can't you see the resemblance? I last saw Clara Bow in F. B. O.'s "The Keeper of the Bees." I don't know what her next picture will be.

MARGARET L.: So you'd like to see Mary and Doug as co-stars of a super-film. Well, there is a report abroad that they may decide to do just this. Watch these columns for further announcement. But maybe, on the other hand, they may decide that would be giving the public too much for its money. That's a consideration in picture-making, you know.

SALLY: So you like twin sister rôles? You wish you could see another like "Her Sister From Paris"? Well, Marion Davies's next picture, "Lights of Old New York," will show this charming screen star in a dual rôle, that of sisters but not twins. I think Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland. Honestly, girlie, if I've answered that question once in these columns, I've answered it a dozen times.

GEO. R. J.: "Why do they insure movie stars?" Well, I'd hate to say what I think of a question like that. Why does anybody insure anything? Honestly, I don't think I'll answer that. As to your second question, that's better: "Will you please name some movie star who has been insured recently?" Universal has recently taken out a policy for half a million on Reginald Denny. On second thought, I'll let them answer your first question. They say: "The investment made in purchasing stories, designing sets, reserving bookings and actual production plans is so great that Denny's incapacitation would cause a serious loss to the motion picture company." That answers your rather foolish question in full, I think.

MAE M.: So you want to know about another old favorite—Mae Allison. I do not recall for the moment what screen rôle she last appeared in, but I can tell you what her next part will be. She will play in the next Milton Sills screen vehicle, "Men of Steel." I'm like you; I always thought her name was "May," but her publicity man now spells it 'Mae." Mae or May was born in Georgia and her first stage experience was in the rôle of *Beauty* in "Everywoman," and, between you and me, she must have been a corker in that rôle. She has fair complexion, golden hair and blue eyes. Like you, I have always found her easy on my eyes. Inquiry, much inquiry, has found the answer to your question, "Where is the Monkey Man who played *Tarzan?*" Elmo Lincoln, the "Monkey Man" as you call him, is now playing with Fred Thomson in the western film, "All Around Frying Pan." Elmo Lincoln, whose real name is Otto Elmo Linkenheit, if you care to know, was born in Rochester, Indiana, and was in stock before he entered picture work. His first rôle was in 'The Birth of a Nation." He is five feet eleven and one-half inches in height and weighs 200. He has brown hair and blue eyes.

"DOUBTER:" "Did Anna Q. Nilsson really receive the sum of $9,500 for having her hair bobbed? A friend says she did, but I don't believe it. If so, for what play was it done?" Believe it or not, it's true. Miss Nilsson received nearly one grand for having her beautiful tresses shorn so that she might pose as a man in the feature film, "Ponjola." I'll wager she didn't cry over it, either, like Jo in "Little Women." You see, it isn't like having a tooth pulled. Hair grows in again, so why worry?

MISS L.: No, Evelyn Brent didn't get as far as Europe. She got only as far as New York, and is now back in Hollywood. But you won't miss the Paris gowns her friend was telling you she intended to buy. She had a designer friend meet arriving steamers and sketch the new Paris styles and then she had a former Paris dressmaker make them up; so there you are. It just needed a little enterprise to overcome her disappointment in not being able to sail. Miss Brent was born in Tampa, Florida, and educated at Normal College, N. Y. C. She has brown hair and brown eyes, and these ought to go very well with her new Paris-New York gowns. To anticipate further questioning on this important point, I will say that "change in production plans" is the only reason I can give for the calling off of that gown-buying expedition.

MRS. J. G.: Well, if your little girl is as pretty as you say and has learned to laugh and cry at will, she may stand a chance at some studio. Isn't there one in your own city where you can take her and have a camera test made? Yes, I think "Dollie Dearest" would do very well for a screen name. But, remember, there are many other fond mothers who think they have budding child stars in the family, and don't be disappointed if she doesn't get a chance. Why didn't you send me her picture? Then I could speak more hopefully, perhaps.

MARTIN R.: Yes, you are right. Lewis Stone was a major in the U. S. Army. I can't be any more definite, but if I have a chance, I'll ask when and where. Yes, Tom Mix was a member of the Rough Riders during the Spanish-American War.

MRS. O'M.: Bessie Love was born in Midland, Texas; Ben Lyon in Atlanta, Georgia, and Carmelita Geraghty in Rushville, Indiana. They're all young. That's as definite as I care to be.

The Lure of the Great White Way!

The White Lights beckoned—and the small-town girl sought fame and fortune in the city of her dreams, and became a dazzling Broadway butterfly.

But the glamor of The Great White Way and the happiness it seemed to offer, turned out to be but a mirage.

FLORENCE VIDOR *in*

"The MIRAGE"

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"I may take the boy into the next room, Madeleine?" Guy asked.

The Deciding Factor

Should my boy come before everything else in the world? Did I not owe a duty to myself as well as to my son? I found the answer to these questions when—

I was not quite seventeen when I married Professor Edouard Surtout, a highly intellectual man more than twice my age. After a scant six years of wedded life, I found myself a widow.

Had I so wished, I could have borne another man's name as soon as decent respect to my deceased husband's memory permitted. Vivacious, still in my twenties, and, last but not least, left quite well off by the Professor, the possession of a small son failed, in my case, to be regarded as a serious drawback by the marriageable men of my little set. But, not until Doctor Muraille joined the number of my admirers, did I feel the slightest desire to rewed.

By the social circle in which I moved, Guy Muraille was considered a very desirable, eligible young man. He had come to town with a letter of introduction to old Madame Laronde, a fact which classified him as A1 morally, socially and financially. Needless to say, therefore, he was made much of, particularly by mothers anxious to procure husbands for their marriageable daughters.

The third or fourth time I met Doctor Muraille, however, I knew that it rested with me whether or not the remainder of my sex would continue to exist for him. Ever since my husband's loss, all similar, warm, masculine admiration had proved totally displeasing and distasteful to me. Nevertheless, I felt quite ready to accept the young physician's attentions and devotion.

Of course, such unusual behavior on my part escaped neither criticism nor comment.

"Widows should not spoil young girls' chances with eligible men," one matron, the mother of three unmarried daughters, remarked within my hearing.

Quickly I faced her. "I have no strings tied to Guy Muraille," I announced indignantly.

Evidently, though, I had, for the following afternoon he proposed to me.

"You must marry me, Madeleine!" he declared ardently. "I need—I want you so!"

My lips parted slightly. Involuntarily I half closed my eyes. As thirstily as the dry, parched soil absorbs the welcome, refreshing rain my ears drank in his words. A passionate longing to be in his arms flooded me. Still, I resisted his attempt to draw me close. The trouble was that I didn't deem myself free. In my decision of such an important step, I felt as if I'd someone else beside myself to consider—my son Emile.

Whenever the possibility of my remarriage was mentioned in the boy's presence, he regularly grew indignant. Above all, he disliked Guy Muraille more than he had any of my former suitors.

"Why don't you answer me?" Doctor Muraille begged. "Why do you push me away? Don't you love me, Madeleine?"

"Oh, I do, Guy; I do!" I replied. "But there's Emile."

"Instead of causing you to hesitate, the thought of your son should induce you to accept me! How often have you

Illustration through the courtesy of Alyce Mills, William Powell, Dickie Brandon and B. P. Schulberg Pictures Corporation.

told me of late that the boy was beginning to need the guidance of a man's strong, firm hand!"

"I know, but you must give me time, Guy. Give me until tomorrow."

With that I forced him to be content.

Slight sleep was mine that night. My heart and soul were in a turmoil. In my marriage to Edouard Surtout, my parents' wishes had been the deciding factor. Should I let Emile's feelings play as important a part in the present crisis? Should the thought of myself never come first?

I had not been an unhappy wife. Edouard Surtout's behavior toward me had been kindness and consideration itself. But, since Guy's love was a share of my days, I realized life still owed me something, that there were depths and sides of my nature which my marriage to the Professor had left unawakened and unstirred.

Could I really be expected, for the sake of Emile, to forego the broadening, deepening experiences which would be mine should I become Madame Muraille? Did I not owe a duty to myself as well as to my son?

Dawn found me with my mind made up. When Guy came to drink coffee with me, he was to receive a "yes" for his answer.

No sooner had Emile gone to school than I put on my hat and went for my daily morning walk. On the way home I stopped at a confectionery, at which I was a regular customer, to buy some tarts of a certain kind that I knew Guy liked particularly well. Here the proprietor himself happened to wait on me. Having wrapped up my purchase for me, Monsieur Tassin politely, suavely, drew me aside.

"Madame, I hate to call your attention to the fact"—apologetically the stout little man rubbed his hands—"but for several months now your son has been running a small bill with me, which he claims you eventually will settle."

"A bill?" I interrupted him. "For what?"

In reply Monsieur Tassin handed me a statement.

Shocked, surprised, I glanced at the enumeration of tarts, cups of chocolate, slices of pie, pieces of cake.

"When did Monsieur Emile come in for these things, Monsieur Tassin?"

"Usually in the morning, between ten and eleven, madame."

Without another word I settled the bill.

An adroit questioning of Emile at luncheon elicited the admission that, during the last few months, he and several schoolmates had visited Monsieur Tassin's confectionery quite frequently in their "petit dejeuner" recess. When his confession was finished, no chance remained for me to reprimand or scold him immediately, for it was high time for him to hurry back to school for his afternoon classes. When he appeared later, just as I hurried in from some shopping, I introduced Guy Muraille to him as his future stepfather.

"Moreover," I concluded, "as no punishment I mete out seems to make any impression on you, Doctor Muraille, with my consent, is going to punish you for those misdemeanors of which I learned this morning."

"I may take the boy into the next room, Madeleine?" Guy asked.

"Certainly, if you wish it or deem it necessary," was my surprised rejoinder.

Hereupon the door closed behind my son and the man I expected to marry. With the exception of a sudden, muffled outcry, no sound reached my ears from the adjoining room. Several minutes later Guy and Emile rejoined me.

"I don't think you need fear that Emile will ever incur any debts behind your back again," the Doctor announced evenly. Then he turned to my son. "Suppose you give your mother a promise to that effect, boy."

Emile's quivering lips opened, but they emitted no sound. His face was drawn and colorless, his breath short and panting. An odd premonition filling me, I glanced from my son to my future husband.

"Guy, what in the world have you done to him?"

"Given him what he needed, Madeleine, what he's been aching for for a long time—a good, sound thrashing!"

A lump rose in my throat. My heart contracted. Impossible it seemed to me that I could have heard aright.

"You don't mean—you don't mean, Guy," I gasped, "that you've laid hands on my child?"

He nodded.

Swiftly I drew my boy close. A feeling of hostility, a feeling of deep aversion, took possession of me for the man whom a little over an hour ago I'd promised to marry.

"Go!" I commanded, pointing to the door. "I never want to see you again."

"But, Madeleine," Guy began. But he didn't go on. My face must have told him that it would be utterly useless for him to appeal to me, to try to reason with me, now or ever.

Thus, after all, the deciding factor in my answer to Guy Muraille proved to be my son. I've never regretted it. At present Emile and I are the best of pals. Some day, of course, I shall lose him. A girl will enter his life and take him away from me. However, until that occurs I fully intend to remain a widow.

FROM HOLLYWOOD TO YOU

(*Continued from page* 9)

a dance that would be different from anything now in vogue for a sequence in "Skinner's Dress Suit," why, Reginald just naturally set to work and produced the "Savannah Shuffle." Now, of course, we'll all have to learn it—no peace, anywhere, no rest for our poor feet.

These hardworking stars have to snatch their vacations between breaths, as it were. Leatrice Joy has been trying to get one for ages and just now begins to see a little light ahead. At present, she is in the Mojave Desert, slaving over "Made for Love," but she has Mr. DeMille's word that, as soon as this picture is finished, she may skip to New York for a brief pleasure trip. Whether young Leatrice will accompany her mother has not yet been decided, but, when last interviewed, baby Leatrice declared herself in favor of sunny California.

Louise Fazenda handed me a good laugh the other day when she told me of one of her latest fan letters. It seems that when she took in her milk one morning she noticed that there was something written on the milk-cap.

"Ah, ha," says she, "a message from the milkman!"

And that's just what it was. It read: "Fazenda. Autographed photograph?—Your milkman."

Louise is a kindhearted soul, so she didn't let the milkman suffer long. That very night she put out an autographed photograph with "Yours, milkman—Louise Fazenda," written on it, and added the milkcap to her other tons of fan mail.

At that, the milkman may be a canny fellow—probably he gives her all his richest cream. He may have heard that Louise is clever with her needle and can make the darlingest hats for her mother, her aunt and herself, so that if she ever lost her job as comedy queen, she could still make a living at millinery.

The very newest thing, however, is a "crepe de chine soul." Alma Rubens has one and knows all about it. In her latest picture, she had to wear cotton gloves and suffered tortures with them, so that she came to the conclusion that her true nature demands silk: wherefore—the crêpe de chine soul."

HENRIETTE.

HAVOC

(*Continued from page* 24)

Trembling in every limb, Roddy waited while Dick's eager fingers searched out every feature.

"It's you, it's you, Rod!" he cried joyously. And in another moment, Babe, who had stumbled through the inner door, had him in his arms.

"There is something I want straightened out, Dick," Babe said after the first greetings were over, and the adjutant had just entered. "Why were we left to fight in the trenches—alone? When the order came for our men to retreat, what did Roddy tell you to do—to stay—or retreat with the rest?"

For one tense moment silence filled the room. Then a nervous little cough broke it and Roddy stirred slightly. To Babe's accusing eyes he seemed as pale as those he had seen lying on the battlefield.

Dick reached out a hand. He cleared his throat. "Why, why to retreat, Babe, of course," he said.

Babe's voice broke harshly. "And—we—stayed!"

"I thought we could hold on, Babe," Dick said.

The boy burst into sobs.

"Fine for you, fine, and for me! But, Dick, how about the other fourteen, those others, butchered like sheep?"

Sobbing wildly, the boy flung himself out of the room.

"Sorry, Chappell, but you have spoiled an otherwise fine record."

The adjutant's voice was cold.

Then Roddy and Dick found themselves alone.

Dick's eyes, Dick's honor gone—because he, Roddy, felt murder in his heart! Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend!

Roddy sank onto the floor beside Dick for a moment and buried his face in the other's breast.

Dick's hand smoothed the bowed head. "We've always been pals, Rod." Roddy rose, walked firmly to the door; Dick heard it open, then it closed again, and a shot rang out.

Roddy had joined the fourteen he had sent to oblivion.

Wars end, havocs cease, and scarred battlefields grow fresh and green again. Tumbling winds brush even war clouds from the sky. Spring came and smiled again for the boys had been back for weeks. The boys were home!

Under Tessie's loving care Dick had recovered from shock, and a specialist had operated on his eyes. He would see in six months, would look for the first time since he left her to go back to the front—upon Violet.

"You really ought to see him," Tessie begged her one evening when she called to deliver a message from Dick.

Vi's tinkling laugh contrasted with the bursts of merriment which floated down the stairs. Somehow it struck her cold, as though she knew the truth, Violet loved Dick no longer, now that he was blind.

"They say that he will see in six months," Tessie said eagerly.

"They always tell the boys that to cheer them up." Vi's tone was crisply cool.

It may have been that Dick, too, felt the warning, for with an orderly's help he had followed Tessie to the little house on the square.

"He loves you so, you *can't* disappoint him!" Tessie begged.

Violet laughed shrilly.

"I can't help it if every man I see loves me, can I?" Anger at Tessie's interference unbridled her tongue. "Perhaps you think your brother died in action. Well, he died by his own hand—because of me!"

A cry of anguish burst from Tessie's lips.

"That's a lie," Dick cried. Straight as a homing pigeon to Tessie's side he came, guided through his darkness by the tiny sobs she could not check. Without turning Violet's way, as gently as though the eyes of his soul gave him light, he walked out of the house, his arm about the sobbing girl.

In silence they strolled slowly back to the hospital. They did not speak, but each knew that Peace had taken them both to her heart at last.

SHE CAME FROM A PARSONAGE

(*Continued from page* 11)

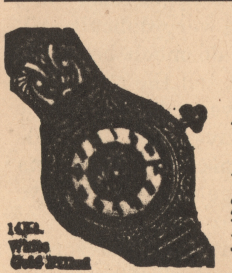
fect—though poor Mrs. Kenyon didn't like them and, having been out on location with her gifted daughter all day with nothing but a sandwich, was obliged to wait hungrily for the next course. I wish Mrs. Kenyon would write a book called "Mothering a Star."

I realized that night, more than I ever had before, how hard Doris has worked all through the years when most girls are just playing about—music lessons, seldom interrupted for more than a week or two, languages, swimming, riding, all the sports, and a great deal of writing, poems in good magazines, for which editors pay real money—all of us who write know that means genuine merit—a slim volume of verse, half her own and half her gifted Father's, a study of people and of social conditions which has involved trips to Ellis Island, to Blackwell's, up to Sing Sing, down to Chinatown and the lower East Side and the night courts. "How can one depict emotions without *knowing* people?" she asks earnestly. All this sandwiched in somehow between long hours of work, frequently with a stage and screen production under way at the same time.

"She goes to bed early, eats regularly and sensibly, and gets lots of fresh air," Mrs. Kenyon explained, when we wondered how it could all be done.

She didn't go to bed early *that* night. We stayed, fascinated, until a shockingly late hour. She sent us home in her car and as we rolled grandly along we talked of her. I told about the old parsonage that seemed so far away—and yet *didn't* seem so far away, either, when one really talked with Doris, felt the charm of her sincerity and brave, shining faith. We were startled and penitent when the illuminated face of a big clock showed us the time.

"But never mind," said Dorothy comfortably, "it would take the loss of more than one night's beauty sleep to spoil Doris Kenyon."



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LESSON NINETY-SEVEN

It's Another Review Week in Your School.

YES, I know that I gave a review of our work in these columns not so long ago, but since that time I have received many letters from new readers inquiring about the "First Principles" of playwriting, and so I think another one is due. And I daresay it won't hurt any of us to go over them again.

Perhaps you are one of those fortunate ones who has had a story in mind for years, a story which is now in very definite form in that brain of yours, and you have only to carry out that long-formed but never before acted upon determination to write it. Well, write it now. Tell your story in the present tense, just as if the story were happening before the eyes of the person who is to read it. And when you have finished it, read it over and visualize each scene for yourself, You'll find you get quite a different impression from doing this than from writing just the words themselves. Make your pictures for yourself as you read. Then think whether the pictures are conjured up just by the words you are reading or by thoughts that you have not put on paper. If this is the case, you'll have to rewrite your words, for in the scenario department there will be only your words and not your thoughts to tell your story.

I'll venture to say that no matter how long or how deeply and definitely you have thought over your story, every rereading and every visualization will show you some way to better it.

And when you have decided that you have pepped up the action all you can and have made the characters as appealing as you are able to, just have it typed and let me give it the once-over before you submit it to any picture company. Maybe I can make a suggestion or a comment that will be of some help. Maybe it won't call for any suggested change.

And now a few words to those readers who feel the urge to write and who know they have the ability to tell a story well but have no definite story in mind.

Some professional writers, both for stage and screen, start by selecting some quality, a virtue or a vice, and make that the keynote about which they have their plot revolve. Love, hate, jealousy, greed, fear and numberless other human emotions may be made the basic note. But the trouble in working according to this plan is that frequently in carrying out the central idea the characters themselves are neglected. And, too, it is really for most people, at least, a very difficult way to work. To my mind, the beginner will do much better to think of his people and his action and just tell the story.

Perhaps, when it is finished, it will have a definite theme at that. So much the better and you will have killed two birds with the one stone. But this definite theme is by no means necessary. Many successful plays for stage and screen have gotten along very well without it.

Try to think of the kind of screen character and screen action that interest you. You're a fan and what interests you is quite likely to interest your fellow fans. Isn't that true? There are stories all around you. In the open lives of your neighbors and your friends, there is screen material. In their secret confidences, you may find your plot.

And when you have decided on this plot, why just set to work in the may I have suggested to those who have had their plots in mind for years. Write and read and visualize and then—rewrite.

One of the most important qualities for your play to possess is *likableness.* That doesn't mean that all your characters need be *likable.* But if you have a heavy, for instance, try to make his elimination or his defeat a source of satisfaction to your audience. And draw your hero or heroine not only true to life, but likable. Plays with a hero or heroine that one would not want about the house may be true to life, but they are seldom popular. That is why it is well to avoid so-called "character rôles" for your principals. The beginner, at any rate, should go sparingly with these odd types. If you want to use a character, write his part as a "bit," as professionals call it, and it may go very well, but better not use anyone at all eccentric for your principal rôles.

But, when all is said and written, it is still true that all of these things are simply matters of opinion and that there are really no hard and fast rules for writing screen plays.

There is, of course, a preference for the "happy ending," but even this is not always adhered to.

Then, too, it is undoubted that there is a preference for those plays that have plots that can be translated into his own life by the millionaire or by his brother and sister of less financial prosperity or lower social status. In other words, the play which deals with some universal human emotion is more likely to find a sale than the one which is placed in some social or business atmosphere from which the plot cannot be detached and made in the mind of the audience to take place in their own particular sphere of action.

But of all this, more anon, as the highbrows say.

Miss E. G. S., of Toledo, Ohio: Your script is just a narrative and has very few high spots, at that. You need to shorten the action and to introduce some tense, dramatic situations. And try to make for a little tension in the hospital scenes. There is every chance for it and I think you will be able to work up some quite appealing scenes if you will go over this again. If I were you, I'd cut out all that early life part of the hero and begin the story at the point where he meets the girl whom he afterwards marries and then divorces.

Miss E. R. M., of Detroit, Mich.: I can't do much more then say that, if I were a producer and you sent that story to me, I'd buy it, for it has an entirely new twist. But not being a producer, I can only advise you to send it to the company you say you have in mind and to hope that opinion there will be the same. Good luck! Don't be discouraged if you get it back from them. It's worth sending the rounds and I'm pretty sure some one will agree with my opinion.

Mr. G. H., of Niagara Falls, N. Y.: You have written a very well-balanced melodrama for your first attempt, but I think that when you reread it, you will notice that much of the action, while it is good action, is just arbitrarily brought in. There doesn't seem to be any logical reason for much of it. Take, for instance, the scenes where the crook double-crosses his chief. Why did he do this? There should be some reason. Without it, the crook would hardly go against his chief and risk having that worthy sic the gang onto him. You might have him dissatisfied with his share of the loot, or the chief might have an eye on his girl. There must be some reason for his action. And I think you will find this lack of a definite cause for action in several other parts of your script. But I am going to let you find these other places for yourself. If you rewrite this, I shall be pleased to give it the once-over again.

MRS. JANE G., of Toronto, Canada: I think your script needs going over a little before you send it to any company. Not only are there a lot of loose ends to the plot, but the spelling would stand correction. Even though there is a big idea in a script, readers are bound to be influenced against it if it is badly spelled. Maybe this should not affect them, but it does. About those loose ends: What becomes of John? Does Mary marry Bill? Where is the latter during those two years? You get what I mean,. don't you? You can't have characters just leave and then return without explanation. In picture-making, as in real life, the slogan holds good: "Don't start anything you can't finish." I'll be glad to read your revised script.

MR. M. C., of Philadelphia, Pa.: You have made a very good beginning, but your little story would hardly hold an audience for more than a couple of reels and there is at present no demand for that length drama. Only for comedies of that length is there a present-day market. While your idea is good, I do not think it could be strengthened to feature length. A feature length drama needs a good strong romance, and that is lacking in your plot. Now, don't let this discourage you, for, as I said in the first sentence, you have made a very good beginning and ought to feel encouraged to keep at it. It is only by writing and then rewriting and rewriting that any of us can get anywhere in this business. At that, I guess, the same is true of any line—the perseverance part, I mean. Let me hear from you again.

MR. J. A. H., of Philadelphia, Pa.: Thanks for your very entertaining and chatty letter. Your script gives a very true picture of a certain phase of rural life, but I feel that you give the old farmer more than his share of attention, and I think it would be better if the chivalrous farmhand did not suffer so severely for keeping the farmer from beating up his daughter. He seems to get rather a raw deal, don't you think? But these comments are only my personal opinions, and a picture editorial department might think differently. The script is in fine form for submission, so why not take a chance, even if you do not make the suggested changes? Do be sure to let me know how you come out.

MR. G. S., of Mobile, Ala.: To be as frank as you ask me to be, I'll say that your script would not stand a chance if submitted to any producing company. You have evidently written it in a propaganda spirit, meaning to bring about a renewal of faith among people, but I am sure no company would be at all interested commercially in a film that brings such woe to a very decent man and his wife simply because they do not happen to believe as their neighbors in that small town believe. There is enough intolerance in the world at large today without introducing it into the films. If your script were to have a plot knocking intolerance instead of fostering it, it might stand some chance. As it is, it is so depressing that I do not believe even an assocation wishing to put out a propaganda film on the subject of punishment for unbelief would choose this. You said to "hit straight from the shoulder" and I have. Now, for a little encouragement: Your script is really well prepared and I think you might be able to handle well a plot that deals with modern life in your own home town. Why not try this and leave propaganda of this sort to the churches? It's your only chance to get into writing for the commercial film producing companies. They think of the box-office, and you know that propaganda of any sort calls for free admissions. It may be curious, and it may be wrong, nevertheless it's true, that humanity will not pay to be reformed.

MR. GEORGE L., of Toronto, Canada: Your two-reel comedy script seems to be in good form for submission to the company you name. Yes, I think your star rôle is quite suitable to the "funny-faced comedian" you had in mind when writing it. I shall be pleased to hear how you come out. Anyway, your script is funny in the reading, and a lot of comedy scripts are not. And this is a feature that sometimes helps a lot. You handed me several good laughs, anyway. I hope you have the same effect on the company's scenario department.

PETER G., of Darien, Conn.: Your little comedy for the children's company you name might have a chance. They have their own writers for most of their comedies, but, at that, I think they'd be willing to buy a story they fancied and have their own people whip it into shape. Your central idea is rather novel and you might send this script and await your fate. Good luck!

MR. D. S. B., of Minneapolis, Minn.: Much of what I said to Mrs. K. R. T., of Waco, Texas, in issue 671, is true also of your script. It deals too much with the workings of a certain industry and too little with the emotions of the characters in your plot. But, in both your script and the one mentioned above, I find one very good point—both of you writers deal with a subject with which you are familiar, and that's a great step forward. You certainly know the grain elevator business. Your residence would indicate that you have had an opportunity to study it first hand, just as Mrs. K. R. T. has probably had a chance to learn all about oil wells. Now, if both of you will only try to stress a little more the human element in your scripts, I'm sure you'll both notice how much improved they will be. Just use the industrial part as a background for the human action, you know.

MR. A. W. O., of Silsbee, Texas: I think your comedy is really pretty good and I wouldn't let the idea of that company's having staff writers deter me from sending it in. No matter how many staff writers they have, if your idea strikes them as picture material, they'll buy it and hand it over to be revamped. But, before you send this, better rewrite that first page. Don't describe your hero, even if this is a comedy, as "half-witted." Can't you say that "he isn't half the simp that he appears to be" or something like that? And better change that "augers" to "argues," huh? You have used the right letters but, as is frequently the case with typists whose minds are quicker than their fingers, you have transposed them. I'd send this in after the indicated changes, with the suggestion as to the lead as you have typed it on the first page. Good luck!

MISS C. W., of Rochester, N. Y.: Your letter is very interesting. Just send your script right along, and I shall be glad to read it and give you any help I may be able to toward making it salable. Anyway, it's worth while trying.

MR. JOHN H., of Douglas, Kansas: [illegible] in your letter if I like screen plays dealin[illegible] Frankly, I do not. Nor do I find much plea[illegible] crippled heroes. In real life, I have profou[illegible] any one who bears the scars of battle, bu[illegible] purely fictional characters in this plight do no[illegible] and I go to a show, in my private capacity, that[illegible] tainment. However, after stating my own position in[illegible] ter, it is only fair to add that it is not a position share[illegible] producing companies, so don't let it discourage y[illegible] pecially as in my capacity I can assure you that you[illegible] produced a very good script with a lot of sense and thrill[illegible] scenes and an appealing romance. I think this script would at least attract attention in any scenario department an[illegible] I would advise you to send it to the company you na[illegible] Your hero is particularly well-[illegible] and your trench sc[illegible] are admirably depicted. I'm g[illegible] through t[illegible] terrible times safely and are in[illegible] estingly about them. And I wish [illegible] like war plays. The sergeant's flir[illegible] village is good comedy relief.

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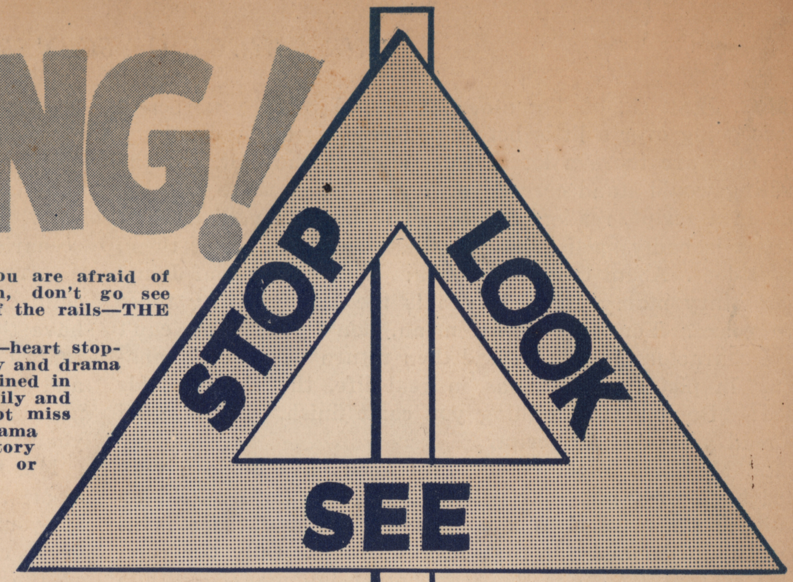

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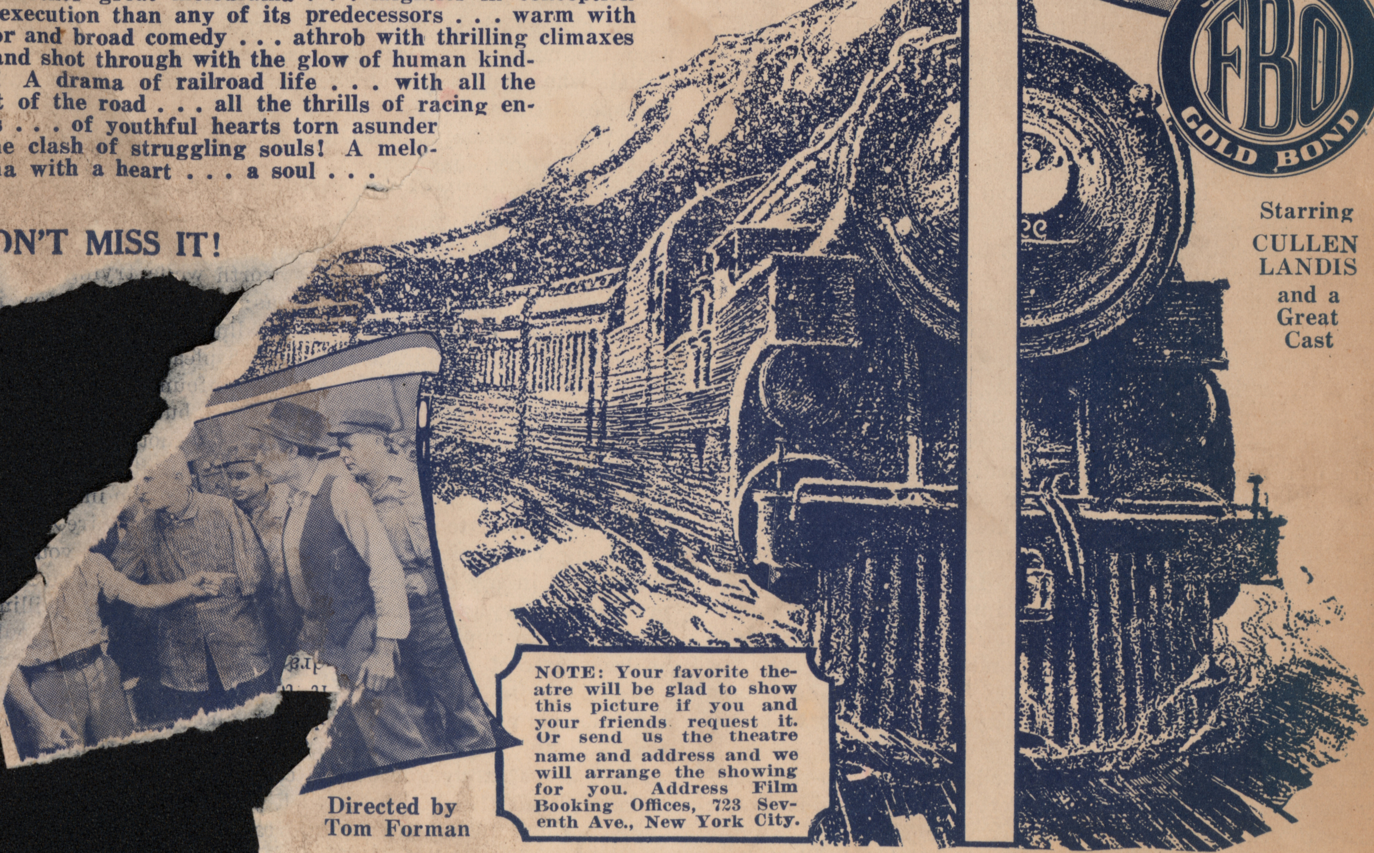

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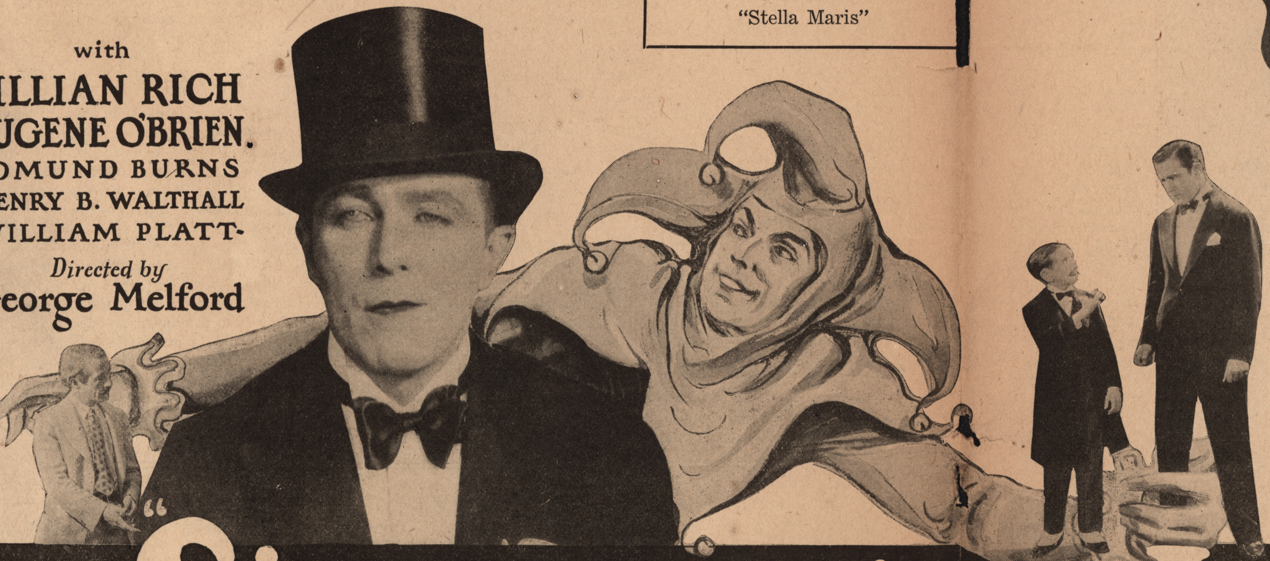

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